

This is misapprehension, test etc.

THE BOSTONIAN

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1896.

No. 4.



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IT is now but a few weeks since the prizes were given to the victors in the Panathenaic Stadion. That act marked the formal closing of the first Olympian games held on Greek soil in modern times. The city has gradually resumed its every-day air, which is one of pious quiet and staid sobriety. In fact, there is not another capital in Europe so prim and orderly as Athens under ordinary circumstances. The Greek is a man of peculiar temperament. He is capable of great enthusiasm, and he feels vividly, yet the guiding motive of his life is the fear that he may do something undignified. The Greeks say of a man who appears solemn, grave, important, that he

is "spondaios." There is no equivalent word in English to express this condition. The children in the public schools, the University students, the professors, the army officers, the shopkeepers, all classes of society, try to look "spondaios."

Without doubt the greatest benefit which will result to this country from the recent celebration of the games here will be the partial destruction of this veneer of false seriousness. Hitherto not even the students of the University have taken any interest in athletics. They have preferred to sit in the cafés and discuss politics. At present all this is changed. As a result of the Olympian contests a tidal wave of interest in phy-

sical culture has swept over the country. In all the squares here in Athens the boys may be seen throwing the discus, jumping, or putting the shot. On the country roads one is sure to be passed by shepherds and villagers in running garb, their faces covered with perspiration and dust. These are running races for wagers.

We shall see whether or not this enthusiasm will last. The modern Greeks pride themselves on being descendants of the great Greeks, yet they have forgotten until now that their ancestors were the most illustrious patrons of athletics that the world has ever known. Outside of the run from Marathon, which was won by a Greek, the Americans easily carried off first honors at the Olympian games. For this reason they were much consulted by the Crown Prince as to the best method of keeping up the interest in physical sports in this country. The American boys assured His Highness that there was excellent material here for the making of good athletes, but that it needed developing. The Prince has taken the matter seriously in hand, and hopes to get a good team ready for the next games. He talks of founding a great gymnasium of which he will assume the perpetual presidency.

During the celebration of the recent games, Athens was gaily adorned with flags and shields, the latter bearing the legend "O. A." (*Olympiakoi Agones*). The streets were spanned by frequent arches of gas-jets. Standing at the head of any of the principal thoroughfares, one seemed to look down a long tunnel of light. The parks were illuminated, and decorated with garlands and flags. Of course, the most important of all the preparations was the rebuilding of the Stadion. The time was short for so extensive an undertaking, and during the last few weeks five hundred workmen were kept busy, many of them night and day. It had been the original intention to reseat the ancient amphitheatre entirely with Pentelic marble,

but it soon became evident that there was no time for this; therefore, comparatively few of the seats were made of Pentelic, and the rest were supplied in wood. The money for rebuilding the Stadion was given for the most part by George Abéroff, a wealthy Greek of Alexandria. His original contributions to the enterprise amounted in all to over 800,000 drachmas, which sufficed for getting the amphitheatre in readiness for the games. He has now announced his intention of rebuilding the structure entirely of Pentelic marble, and has assumed the financial responsibility for this colossal undertaking. The temporary wooden seats are already being torn up, and Mr. Abéroff's laborers will commence their task immediately.

The young men who represented America at Athens this year will not soon forget their enthusiastic reception, and their courteous treatment during the entire period of their stay. Americans are very popular among the Greeks. The latter, although they live under a king, are democrats at heart, and they look upon the United States as the model of all democracies. Everywhere could be heard the wish expressed: "We hope first to win ourselves, but after us let it be the Americans."

The Boston and Princeton boys were met at the depot by delegates of the committee in carriages, and were escorted to their hotel by a brass band. From the moment of their arrival to that of their departure they were overwhelmed with kindly attentions from all classes, including the King and members of the royal family. Nor did their performances fall below expectation.

The excellence of the American athletes manifested itself on the very first day. The first contests were held on Monday, April 6, beginning at three o'clock. Long before that time an immense crowd had collected in the amphitheatre, and the streets leading to the Stadium were swarming with people.



Spiridon Louis, Winner of the Marathon Race



Boston Team on the Seats in the Stadion

The spectacle was brilliant in the extreme. The vast throng was attired in holiday dress, and certain sections of the amphitheatre were given over to officers of the army and navy. These were in full uniform, and their blue and red and white plumes made patches of bright color. A few minutes before three the royal party entered, marching down the ancient arena to the music of the national hymn and the "zetos" of many thousand throats. The royal party consisted of the King and Queen, the Crown Prince and Princess, Prince George, Prince Nicolas, Prince Andreos, Princess Maria and her betrothed, the Grand Duke George of Russia. They took their seats in the centre of the

Sphendone, where they were surrounded by the diplomatic corps, and the most prominent of the officials present. The Crown Prince opened the games by an appropriate speech in excellent Greek, after which an Olympian hymn was sung, written by the Greek musician, Samara. It is a dignified production, slightly reminiscent of the "Cavalliera Rusticana," and was given by a choir of three hundred voices, accompanied by three orchestras. The silence which followed this impressive performance was one of intense expectancy; the Olympian games were about to be resumed after the lapse of hundreds of years. Suddenly the clear, startling notes of a bugle were heard, and from

the ancient tunnel under the Sphendone the contestants for the first event appeared. They were twenty-one in all, representatives of England, Germany, France, Hungary, Greece, and four Americans.

The first event was a one hundred-yards dash, trial heats. The contestants were divided into three sections, and they ran half of one side of the Stadion.

of speculation, light dawned upon the minds of the entire throng almost simultaneously. "It is the yell of the wild Indians," they said. The Greeks were destined to hear that cry many times during the progress of the games, and it greatly struck their fancy when they found out what it really was. The King himself was so amused with the Boston



Procession of the Victors in the Stadion

Two Americans appeared as victors, winning easily, both in the trial and final heats. Then broke out a wild strange cry from the neighborhood of the tunnel, the like of which had never been heard before in Greece. "What is it?" whispered the vast audience in awe-struck tones. It was the yell of the Boston Athletic Association. The members of the team and their friends were collected at the entrance of the tunnel, and were shouting at the top of their voices: "B.! A.! A.!—Rah! Rah! Rah!—B.! A.! A.!—Rah! Rah! Rah! Boston! Boston! Boston!" After a few moments

yell that he sent the Crown Prince to request the boys to repeat it for his majesty's benefit.

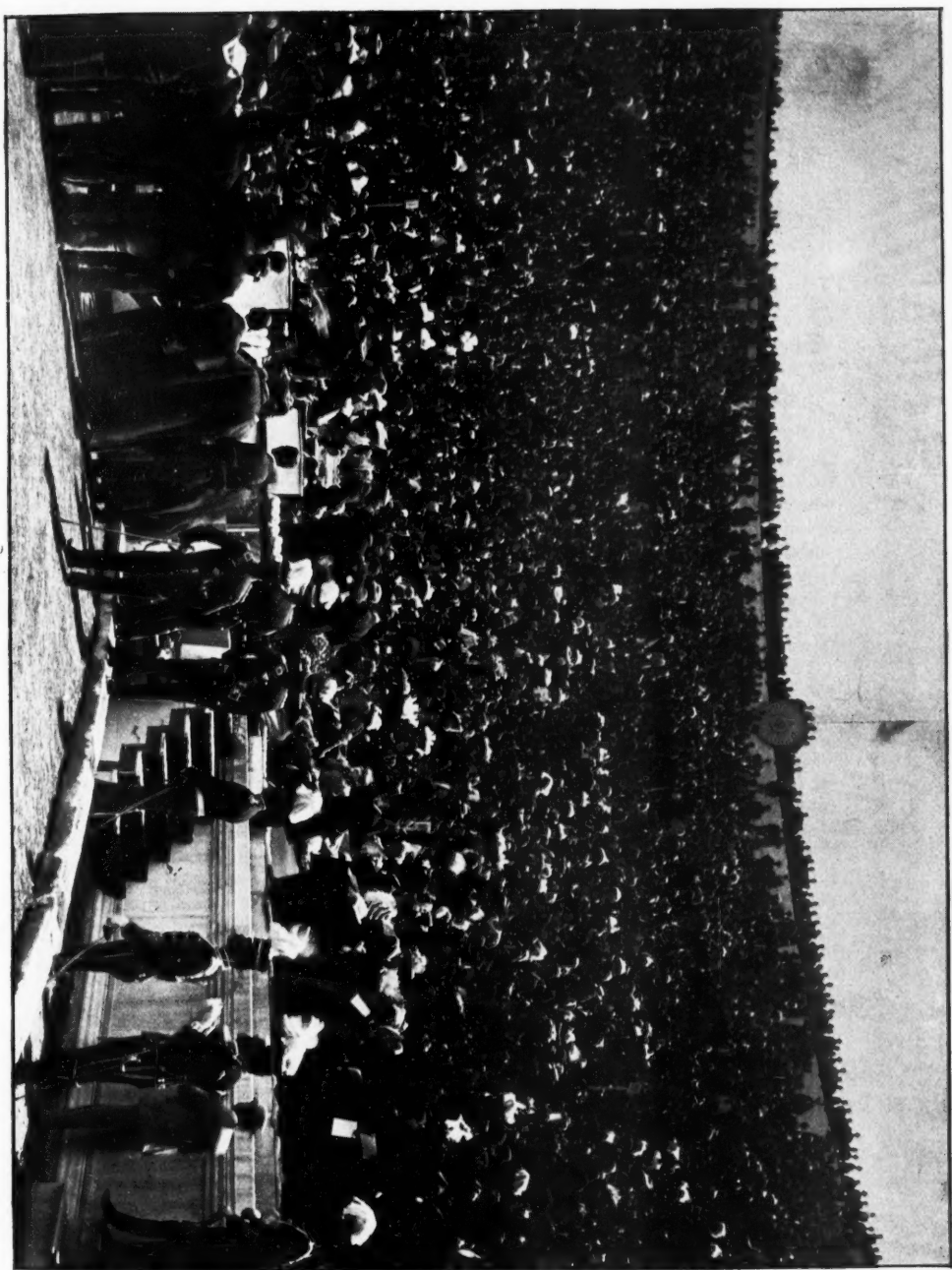
During that entire day the Americans were the most conspicuous victors, carrying off first prize in every event in which they appeared. In some of the contests they did not even meet with serious competition. This was especially true in the pole vaulting and in the hop, step, and jump. Connolly, of the Bostons, occasioned considerable amusement in the latter contest. After the other competitors had made their records, he marched solemnly to the mark



Constantine, Crown Prince of Greece

made by the last jumper and threw down his hat a metre beyond. The jump thus indicated was nothing phenomenal when compared with American or English records, but the action excited great curiosity among the Greeks, most of whom supposed that Connolly was merely perpetrating a joke. This incident shows the undeveloped condition of athletics in Greece. When Connolly actually leaped to the hat loud cries were heard. "It is a miracle,—it is a miracle!"

The four-hundred metre race was won with equal ease by an American, Thomas Burke of the Bostons. On the home stretch he found himself so far ahead of all the others that he slackened his pace to nearly a walk, and came in at his leisure. The Greeks are not good short distance runners. Burke remarked afterwards that he was much amused at their style. He said, "The reason they run so much slower than we do is because they jump up and down on their heels, shaking their bodies violently, but mak-



Distribution of Prizes to the Victors in the Olympic Games

ing little progress. A good runner steps more upon his toes."

For the shot-putting contest the Greeks showed more aptitude, one of their number making a very close second to the winner, Captain Garrett of the Princeton team. The most interesting event of the first day was the discus-throwing. This ancient sport dates back to the earliest dawn of tradition, and has been continuously practiced here to a greater or less extent down to modern times. The Greeks confidently expected to win in this contest, and all day long they could be heard exclaiming, "Wait till the discus-throwing!" When the trial actually commenced these expectations seemed about to be realized. None of the foreign contestants appeared to understand the discus at all; their attitudes were awkward, and they hurled the plate in all directions except towards the goal. The judges were obliged to flee for their lives, and even the lower tiers of spectators felt uneasy.

The Greeks, on the other hand, threw the discus with great directness, and with a beautiful effective curve. In the act of hurling they passed through the classic attitudes so gracefully represented by ancient statuary. It was evident from the first that the Greeks had but one competitor in this contest, Captain Garrett, of the Princetons. His first throw, though awkward, was strong, equal to any that had been made in distance. Nevertheless the audience took it for granted that a Greek would win, and they were not aware that Captain Garrett had won the final cast until the flag went up on the winning pole at the end of the contest. A Greek flag had been expected to go up till that moment, but when the American emblem was shaken out, murmurs of disappointment were heard from all parts of the Stadion. Instantly, however, their courtesy got the better of their disappointment, and the murmurs were drowned out by an enthusiastic roar of "*Zetos!*"

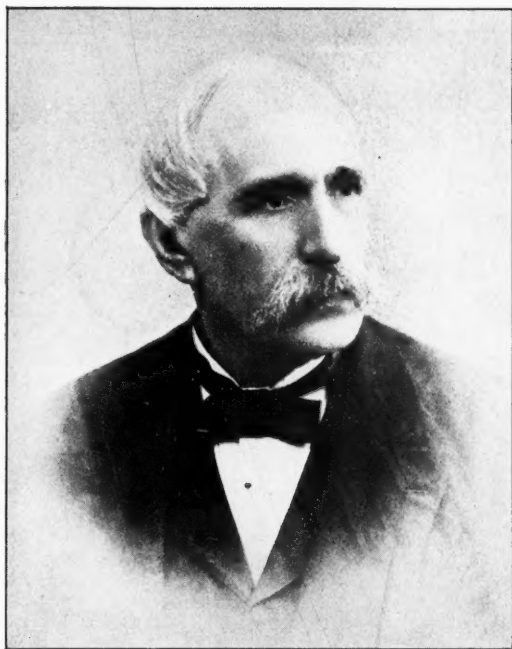
Captain Garrett's victory was as unexpected to himself as it was to his antagonists. It was due entirely to his long practice at throwing the hammer and putting the shot. He had never seen a discus before the morning of the contest, and gained all his points during the event by observing his antagonists. It is but fair to say that he won his victory by a very slight margin, although with proper training in this exercise the captain will doubtless be able greatly to better the record made at Athens. The American athletes have taken some disci home with them, and it is to be hoped that this graceful and classic exercise will become popular among our college boys.

The most important day in point of interest was Friday, known as Marathon day, when the race was run from the scene of the ancient battle to the goal in the Stadion. Every classic scholar has read of the exploit of Phidippides, and how he dropped dead after announcing the news of the Athenian victory. A silver cup was offered by an enthusiastic Frenchman for the modern Phidippides who should win the race. A pretty story is connected with the offering of this prize cup. The winner of the Marathon race was a Greek hunter and shepherd, from the beautiful little village of Amarousi, situated about twelve miles from Athens.

When Spiridon Louis decided to enter for the Marathon race, he went to his church and prayed to the Virgin for success, promising her, if he won the cup, to leave it in the church as a thank offering, and a perpetual reminder of his gratitude. To this fact he attributes his success. Many times on the road, when he felt his strength leaving him, he breathed a prayer to the Virgin, and felt refreshed.

There were about thirty entries. They went out to Marathon the night before the race, and remained there until the time of the start, which was early in the afternoon of the following day.

The others say that the Frenchman



Mr. George Aberoff, Builder of the Stadium

sat up the entire night drinking bottle after bottle of the excellent wine which is made in the neighborhood of the ancient battlefield. As a natural result, he was in a state of great exhilaration at the time of the start, and set a pace entirely too hot for a long-distance run. To this fact Blake, of the Bostons, and Flack, the Australian, both of whom should have given good accounts of themselves, attribute their defeat. Both tell the same story: a drink of water at a wayside inn, subsequent faintness, and the remainder of the journey was finished in a carriage. The Frenchman, strangely enough, made the entire run, arriving about fifteen minutes late. Louis, the winner, did not allow himself to be misled. Toughened by daily tramps over the mountains of Greece, and accustomed to the rocky roads, he

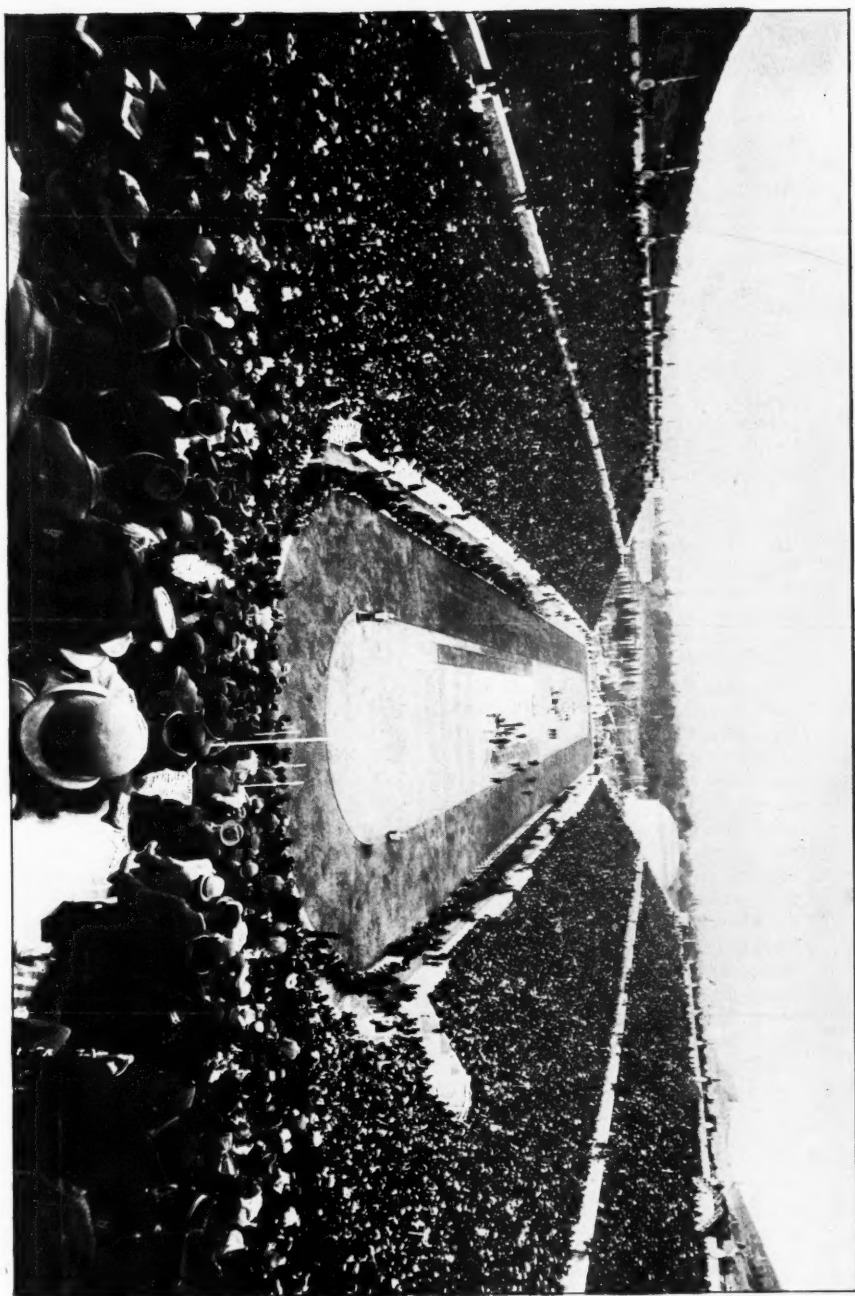
knew exactly what pace he could keep up for the entire distance. When he came up the little flight of steps at the entrance to the Stadium, and started down the long arena, a Greek audience for once threw seriousness to the winds, and broke out into uncontrollable enthusiasm. Ladies arose and fluttered their white handkerchiefs; men sprang upon the seats, and threw their hats into the air, while thousands of Greek flags were unfurled and waved frantically. How these latter had been so carefully concealed it would be hard to say. Seemingly every compatriot of the victor produced a flag at the moment of his appearance, yet not one had been visible the instant before. When Louis arrived at the goal he was a pitiable object; his white costume was soaked with perspiration and covered with dust, his shoes



Delegates from Princeton College

were nearly worn from his feet, his face was purple and blotched with blood. As he stood reeling at the goal his father sprang into the arena, embraced him and kissed him upon both cheeks. At the same instant Crown Prince Constantine and Prince George rushed forward, put their arms around the victor's waist, and supported him into the dress-

ing-room in the tunnel. Louis is now a great man in Greece. Various cafés and hotels have offered him refreshment for a year free; a house and lot has been presented to him in his native town, and money has been collected for his benefit to the amount of thirty thousand drachmas. This latter he is said to have refused. He has, however, furnished a



Scene in the Stadion on Marathon Day

gymnasium in Amarousi, and will doubtless figure for the rest of his life as a patron of athletic sports. According to his promise to the Virgin, he has presented the prize cup to the village church, and there it will remain to all time, a sacred reminder of her power.

Louis made his run in two hours fifty-eight minutes. The distance over the modern road is about twenty-five miles, and is probably longer than the route taken by Phidippides. The modern road is very rough and stony. If the next Olympian games are held in Athens, and if the race from Marathon is repeated, a North American Indian,—or better still, a Tarumahari runner should be brought here.

There has been considerable discussion among archaeologists from time to time as to the capacity of the ancient Stadium. On Marathon day 71,800 tickets were sold. As a result of this, every seat was filled, and the standing room in the aisles and on the landings was crowded. In addition, the surrounding hills were black with people, and the road leading to Marathon was thronged for a long distance with those waiting to see the runners come in. At least one hundred thousand human beings were collected in and about the Stadium. After the Marathon race the event in the games which brought together the greatest throng was the distribution of prizes, which occurred on the succeeding Wednesday. A platform had been erected in front of the royal seats, and on this were laid the diplomas, together with a pile of olive branches from Olympia, and the other prizes intended for the victors. Here the King took his stand at the appointed time, and as the names were read off by the secretary, the successful contestants mounted the steps one by one, and received their prizes directly from the hand of royalty. These consisted of a diploma, a silver medal, and a sprig of olive, for first winners; second winners bore away a diploma, a silver medal and a sprig of Attic laurel. Several sil-

ver cups were also given for special events. After the distribution of prizes the victors marched around the Stadion in procession, with Louis at the head, attired in clean white *fustenellas*, and carrying the Greek flag.

Altogether the season of the Olympian games was a very gay period for Athens. The inhabitants strove to entertain their guests by night as well as by day. Of all their efforts in this direction none will be so long remembered as the illumination of the Acropolis. This was accomplished by means of Greek fire of various colors. The effect was grandly weird. On a dark night the ruins are indistinguishable, but when the lights were suddenly ignited the columns of the ancient temples were revealed with startling distinctness. The Propylæa, the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the little temple of Niké, one by one leaped out of the night, and then as quickly disappeared as though a curtain had been raised and lowered. When the red light was turned on the ruins were wreathed in a lurid glow, and looked like a castle on fire.

On Saturday evening after Marathon day, a so-called Venetian fête was held at the Piræus. All the buildings fronting the harbor were illuminated with innumerable gas-jets, and the harbor itself was crowded with small boats flitting here and there gaily decorated with Chinese lanterns. There were several men-of-war of different nationalities present, among which was the United States cruiser *San Francisco*. These were all illuminated by electricity. It remained to the *San Francisco*, however, to show the other ships, as well as the vast numbers of spectators on shore, what the illumination of a man-of-war really means. The entire shape of her hull, as well as the masts and rigging, were marked out in lines of light, and an American shield of enormous size blazed in the bow. Two thousand electric lights were used, being the same supply which had been sent to Kiel last summer for the celebra-



Diploma Received by the Victors in the Olympian Games



The Boston Team in Training Aboard the Steamer

tion of the opening of the canal. On that occasion, as at the Piræus, the *San Francisco* was by far the most beautiful and conspicuous object of the fête. She could be seen from a great distance and looked like a fairy ship.

The original idea of reinstating the ancient Olympian games was first promulgated in Paris by an international committee which met there. Baron de Coubertin, well known in America in educational circles, was at its head. There is no doubt that the Anglo-Saxon race, or, to speak more definitely, the English and Americans, lead the world in athletics. A series of international contests would awaken general interest in physical culture, and would be of great benefit to those countries which are backward in manly sport. It was first intended by the committee that the games should be held this year in Athens, four years later in Paris, and thereafter in various cities to be subsequently decided upon. The success of

this first meeting in Athens has converted all those who had the good fortune to be here, into earnest partisans of this city as a permanent meeting place. There is much to be said in favor of the view. Athletics as a science, like all else that is best in our modern civilization, may be said to have sprung into existence on Greek soil. Olympian games would hardly seem worthy of the name if held in any other country. English and American athletes, moreover, are generally college men, and as such would be more greatly profited by a trip to Athens than to other cities, and would be more easily induced to come here.

One can imagine that the custom of training athletes to be sent to Olympic games at Athens would grow into favor among the great universities, and would become a cherished tradition. The youths returning every four years bringing olive sprigs from Olympia, would excite a vivid interest in the history and

language of ancient Greece, more inspiring than much dull and spiritless study.

Holding the games in a climate strange to most of the contestants would put them on a plane of equality which does not now generally exist. When the English athletes come to America and are beaten they invariably claim that they were enervated by the climate. "But come to England," they say, "and we will show you." The same claim is made by Americans when they go to England. No such contention would be possible if they all met in Greece. The climate here in spring is well suited to athletic contests.

Unfortunately, the International Committee, during its preliminary meeting, definitely decided upon Paris for 1900. Therefore the next games must take place there.

According to Demetrius Bikélas, president of the International Committee, several of the members are in favor of fixing upon Athens as a permanent seat of the games. Several plans are being discussed. One is to hold the next meeting in Paris, and all the subsequent ones in Athens. Another, to hold every second meeting in Athens, and the others in the principal cities of the world.

The Stadion itself is the best theatre in existence for the holding of athletic contests. No country would build such a structure for one meeting. When completed in Pentelic marble, as it will be before 1900, it will be worth a trip to Athens to see.

The history of this ancient amphitheatre is too well known to admit of extended repetition. In shape it is an ellipse cut off at one end, and its sides are formed by a ravine which was artificially filled in at one end in very early times. The seats are laid on the slopes thus formed, and extend from the arena to the top of the hill.

The Stadion was considered one of the wonders of the world after Herodes Atticus had reconstructed it in marble. It must have been a magnificent sight, glittering beneath the bright Attic sun, or shining whitely under the full moon.

It will be restored by Abéroff as it was in the days of Herodes Atticus. How easy will it be for the scholar, standing in the renewed Stadion, and fixing his eyes on the innumerable rows of marble seats, to rebuild in imagination the remainder of the classic city, as it existed in that splendid later period!



SEEKING EVIDENCE

BY ELIZABETH WALLACE DURBIN

"JULIA, who was that tall, dark man at the ball last night?"

Julia looked up with the studied innocence a girl assumes when she wishes to conceal that a man is so present in her consciousness that she instantly divines any meaning directed toward him.

"'Tall, dark man,' mamma," she said thoughtfully, and was going to add, "There were several such," but catching the amusement in her sister's eyes she said instead, "You mean the one who danced with me?"

"Several times," put in the other girl in the room.

"It was Mr. Sexton," said Julia, looking at her sister severely, though a smile hovered at her lips.

"Sexton,—what Sexton?" asked Mrs. Arlington.

"The sexton who is going to bury the remains of the Clarkson-Norton engagement," said Lina Arlington. "What a chaperon you are, mamma! Here this wolf has been hovering around your fold, and you never see him until he is about to gobble your fattest lamb."

"Don't be vulgar, Lina," said her mother, severely, and both girls laughed. Julia and Lina were half-sisters. Julia had inherited a fortune from her father's brother. It was Julia's house in which they lived, and Julia's money on which they lived, and their mother's aversion to reminders of these facts greatly amused the two girls.

"Well, who is this Mr. Sexton," persisted Mrs. Arlington.

"He is a partner of Judge Alton, mamma," answered Julia. "I introduced him to you one night, when he first came, about three months ago. Don't you remember?"

"No. Where is he from?"

"I don't know," said Julia.

"It seems to me you know very little of him, Julia."

"Why does it matter what I know of him, mamma?" asked the girl, carelessly.

"Oh, nothing—only I thought"—she paused, and Lina went on for her—"You thought he was paying her marked attention, didn't you, mamma? And she was not resenting it, was she? Indeed, I think you have cause for uneasiness. Think of the cold Miss Clarkson giving a man a rose at parting—one of Arthur's, too."

"I did not—it wasn't one of Arthur's," cried Julia, with an angry flush that deepened into a vivid blush, as Lina, between bursts of laughter, gasped, "Oh, it wasn't! You took an extra one on purpose, did you?"

Mrs. Arlington was used to Lina's banter, and as she could not check it, she had acquired the habit of waiting for it to stop and then taking up the conversation where she had left off; so she began now, "Well, I did think his attention was rather marked, considering—"

"Considering what?" Julia had the defiant front of one who intends to set at naught some condition by boldly assuming ignorance of it.

"Why, your engagement with Arthur."

"We are not engaged," replied the girl, with force.

"But, my dear, it amounts to the same thing."

Julia was about to speak, but her sister's mischievous face checked her. She knew Lina would seize any disavowal she would make as evidence to support the nonsense about Mr. Sexton, so she said, with seeming indifference: "I

don't see that it amounts to the same thing. You and Arthur's mother destined us for each other when we were babies, but we have not formally ratified that compact."

"Julia, you can't mean —"

"That we never will? No, I mean only that I do not feel bound to do so. Arthur has always understood that he is free, and that if he waits to see how I feel when I am twenty-one, it will be because nothing occurs to incline him to marriage before."

"But, my dear, every one expects it—it is so desirable —"

"Miss Evans, Mr. Norton," announced the servant.

"Speaking of angels," began Lina, gaily, as the two entered.

"Wait till I divest myself of my wings, and then tell me what you were saying of me," said Miss Evans, waving her arms in the great sleeves of her coat.

"Oh, you! No one ever mistakes you for an angel," laughed Lina. "It was Arthur."

"Indeed," said Arthur, seating himself by Mrs. Arlington, "Were you wishing I were one?"

He was tall and fair, with a handsome head, bold blue eyes, and a slight moustache, blonde like his hair.

"We were talking over the ball," said Julia, as he looked to her for a reply.

"Oh, Lina, did you see how Mrs. Lawrence snubbed Laura Emerson last night?" asked Miss Evans.

"Yes,—wasn't it dreadful?"

"I think it was a shame," said Julia, indignantly.

"It was too bad," said Miss Evans, "but Mrs. Alton could not have expected anything else. They say Laura actually goes to the prison to see Robert. She keeps the disgrace fresh in society's mind."

"What a desirable thing would be the favor of a society whose approbation could be gained by a woman who disowned her brother for its sake, instead

of standing by him in his trouble," said Julia, bitterly. "Is Laura less clever, less beautiful, or less amiable—since her brother's disgrace? And doesn't her unselfish love for him show the loveliness of her character? She is a far more desirable ornament to society than that shallow, domineering Mrs. Lawrence."

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Evans, abashed by Julia's warmth, and glad that Mr. Sexton's entrance diverted attention just then.

"Julia has just been annihilating me, because Mrs. Lawrence snubbed Miss Emerson last night," she said to him, with a little laugh.

"She thinks that when society weighs one it should not put one's relatives in the balance against them, then?" he replied, his dark eyes fixed on Julia.

"That means he has a host of undesirable ones. Look out, Ju," whispered Lina, under cover of smelling a rose at her sister's belt.

"I must go," said Miss Evans, "I only stopped to ask you to go to the jeweler's with me, Lina." I want you to help me select Alice's wedding present."

Lina went, leaving her sister and mother to entertain the gentlemen.

When her visitors had gone, Julia went into the library. She picked up the latest magazine, and stretched herself out upon the sofa. After absently turning a few leaves, she slowly let her arm sink until the hand holding the book rested upon the rug beside her on the floor, and lay gazing dreamily at the ceiling.

She was not perfect, either of face or form, but she made a lovely picture as she lay there.

"There is something fascinating about Julia Clarkson," a man had once said to a companion, as they watched her pass.

"Yes—her half million," the other had replied.

They had both laughed, but each had understood that the other knew it was not that.

Her beauty—between the rosy bright-

ness of the blonde and the dark splendor of the brunette—her great dreamy gray eyes, with their dark lashes; the even pallor of her face, broken only by the vivid red of her lips; her soft brown hair and slight, graceful form—was the beauty of twilight, and had the same calm, mysterious charm—a charm the greater, because there was nothing of the twilight in her nature; the workings of her heart and mind were as intense as the red of her lips.

She had been lying so an hour or more when footsteps approached the door. She hastily raised the magazine, and looked up carelessly as Lina entered.

Lina gave her a queer look as she came in, and Julia expected some teasing, but, instead, the girl threw herself down on the rug, and resting her head against her sister, began talking of her walk with Maud Evans. After rattling on for some time, she said suddenly, as if she had just thought of it, "What do you think she told me, Ju?"

"What?" asked Julia, running her hand over the girl's dark brown hair. They were very fond of each other—these sisters.

"We were speaking of Mr. Sexton, and I repeated what Judge Alton said about his studying at night; and Maud sneered and said he spent his nights with other companions than books, that there isn't a night he can't be found in some infamous den."

"Who told her that?" Julia's tone was so ominously quiet that Lina quaked; for though she teased her sister unmercifully, she stood in awe of her.

"Her sister told her."

"She got it from her husband, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Considering Mr. Simpson's reputation, I suppose he was an eye-witness?"

"I suppose so. That's what make me think there must be something in it," said Lina, timidly.

"Well and if there is—what then? I suppose Simpson could tell tales on others, if he choose. What is it to us?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Lina, surprised. She looked up at her sister, but Julia's eyes were scanning the page of the magazine.

"You want to read," said the younger. "I'll go."

She looked back as she was closing the door, but Julia was absorbed in her story and did not look up.

But no sooner had the door closed that the book dropped out of her hand, and she stared at the wall, not dreamily, as before, but with eyes that had lost all their softness, and a face growing every moment more hard and stern, as though it had been melted by the heat of the emotion within and were cooling in another mould.

She could not lie still long, and getting up walked aimlessly across the room. When she reached the door she paused a moment, then opened it and ran hastily up to her room.

But when she had locked her door the atmosphere seemed stifling, and after a few moments of alternate passive sitting and aimless walking about, she hurriedly donned a street gown and put on her wraps to go out. When she reached Lina's door, she opened it and looked in. Lina was there, writing a letter. She looked up interrogatively, and Julia said, "I'm going to see Miss Steiner, Lina. If I don't get back in time for the opera, don't wait;" and without waiting for Lina's reply she went on.

Miss Steiner lived in an unfashionable part of the city, where Julia's mother had lived with her children before Julia had inherited her uncle's money; for the family had been very poor before that. When they had moved into Julia's uncle's house, they had not left the memory of the old days behind with the old house. The only changes that Julia would make in her mode of living were such as suited her comfort. If these suited fashion too, well and good, if not, well and good again. So she visited often in the old street, especially at Miss Steiner's. Miss Steiner had been Julia's governess—without a salary—

being a retired school-teacher; and Julia loved the now old woman, who had nursed her through many a childish illness. The girl sometimes stayed all night when visiting her, much to Miss Steiner's delight.

The way was long, but Julia did not take a cab nor a street-car, for she wanted the motion; so it was late when she reached her friend's place, and Miss Steiner was just sitting down to her supper.

Miss Steiner was one of those withered human roses that have been dried, pressed between the leaves of the book of fate. The material keeps together, and by the leaves and shape we know it was once a lovely rose; but it would not keep our attention now were it not for that inexplicable charm lurking in all faded roses which is, perhaps, an essence of the memories, glad and sad, which were pressed into the young tender leaves, crowding out their fragrant freshness.

She was very glad to see Julia, and made her sit down beside her; but the girl ate nothing, and only drank a cup of coffee.

When it began to grow dark she rose to go.

"I had an object in coming to-day, Aunt Millie," she said. "I am going to see Lillie Allen, and if she is bad I am going to sit with her part of the night. If I do, may I come back afterward?"

"Of course you may," answered Miss Steiner, not surprised, for Julia spent a great deal of time with humbler friends than those who frequented her fashionable street.

It had been snowing a little all day, and the flakes were falling thick and fast as Julia left her friend's house. She turned up the collar of her mackintosh and walked rapidly to the corner, where she stopped at a store and bought a common, heavy cotton veil, which she put into her pocket. Then she took a car to Lillie's home. She did not go in, but inquired at the door how the invalid

was; for Julia had not spoken the truth when she told her friend she would sit up with Lillie Allen; she had intended keeping a far different vigil.

She took a car again, and when she left it, it was too dusk to recognize any one, in a chance meeting. Nevertheless she put on the veil she had bought.

Holiday season was approaching, and the beautiful displays in the windows were attracting many of the passing throng; but Julia hurried on until she reached a wide stairway between a dry-goods store and a jeweler's shop. Here she stopped, and began scanning the signs creaking in the blasts. Yes, there it was—"Alton & Sexton." She had been sure of the place, and he was up there, for he had told her he would be busy in the office until evening. She walked back a few steps, and began looking at the things in the jeweler's window; but her ears were strained to catch the sound of footsteps on that stairway. Several men came down, and each time, at the sound of their footsteps, she would turn half round and watch anxiously until the man appeared, and as soon as his face came into view would turn back disappointed.

"He can't be gone already," she thought uneasily.

At last he came. She knew it was he at his first step, and held her breath while she waited. As soon as she saw him she drew back, that the passing crowd might interpose between them, should he come toward her. He did come past, turning up his coat-collar as he walked by, and looking neither to right nor left as he hastened on. Julia followed him, keeping close behind, for there was little chance of her being discovered. He stalked on for a considerable distance, then suddenly turned into a place ablaze with lights. Julia, who had been passing without noticing, looked in, and saw that it was a restaurant. She watched him through the window until she was numb with cold, then she slipped in through the door nearest her, and taking a seat in a cor-

ner, watched him over the top of a newspaper until he rose to go; then she slipped out and was ready to go when he came out. He took a car this time, and she took a seat several feet behind him.

"He is going to his rooms," she thought. And when they neared the corner near where his rooms were, she did not take her eyes off him for a second. He did get off, and knowing where his rooms were—he had one day pointed them out to her—she did not follow him closely, but stood at a distance until she saw him go up his stairway. Then she walked idly up and down. She knew it was a mad thing she was doing, but she did not care. Though she spent the whole night in the streets, she would know whether she was still to bow down before the idol enshrined in her heart, or to cast it out and gaze forlornly at the empty shrine. Fear, and not trust, was uppermost in her heart. Having one's fortune wooed often and with ardor, is not likely to cultivate trust in mankind, especially if one's idea of one's self be humble—as Julia's was. The snow fell thicker and faster, and she had to stir about to keep it from settling too thickly upon her; but she never went beyond a few feet of the stairway. As long as the streets were thronged she could wait near the stairs, and if he did not come until late, she would get a cab and wait in that until twelve or one o'clock, if need be.

Warmly as she was dressed she became cold, and though she stamped her feet to keep them warm the cold was becoming unbearable. Yet she would not go.

It was after nine when he came. He paused, and looked up and down, as though looking for a cab. Julia's heart sank. If he went away in a cab, she should lose him. But just then a car came by, and he made for that. Putting on the veil which she had taken off while waiting, Julia followed. To her dismay, when she entered the car he was on the front seat, and there was

only standing room. Instantly he arose and gave her his seat. There was no help for it, and she sank into it without a word. Her heart almost stood still, but he seemed not to have noticed her want of thanks, and stood with his face turned from her. She saw he had taken no notice of her and felt relieved. Soon some one across the aisle left, and he took the seat. He paid no heed to any one but gazed abstractedly before him and when he arose to get off did not look at any one.

He walked rapidly, turning down a side street entirely strange to Julia, who was close behind him. About two squares from the corner he ran up the steps of a large square house. The blinds were down but the light gleamed through, telling that the inmates were at home.

He stood but a moment on the step but whether he knocked or let himself in, Julia could not tell. As he had disappeared she approached the house, and stood staring up at it. The street seemed as dreary as the house, compared with the crowded ones she had left; there were no street-cars running on it. Several persons went by, looking curiously at her as they passed, and presently a woman with a shawl over her head and a pitcher in her hand came out of an alley below the house. She looked at Julia as she came up, and stared at her in impudent wonder, when the girl put out a hand to stop her, saying, "Will you tell me who lives here."

After a moment's pause, the woman gave a short grating laugh and walked on.

It seemed to Julia all the blood in her body rushed into her face, and she walked quickly away. But only the outspoken truth would her heart acknowledge, and she came back in a few minutes. A policeman was passing as she came up.

"Can you tell me who lives here?"

He halted in surprise at the question, and hesitated a moment, looking sharp-

ly at her; then he answered, "That is Madame Vanski's place."

"Is it —"

She stopped, and he answered the unspoken question.

"Yes; is anything wrong?"

"No, thank you," she said gently, and hurried on.

The policeman looked after her a second or two, then resumed his walk.

Julia took out her watch as she almost ran up the street. Half-past ten. Her folks would not be home yet;—she could go home. She did not know where she was, but finding a cab, gave the driver her address, and was soon at her own door. And when Lina tried the door that night, coming for the good-night she never omitted giving her sister, the door was locked; and she went to bed with a solemn face.

Next day, as Julia sat in the drawing-room alone, Mr. Sexton came. In spite of the girl's efforts to appear natural her greeting was a little cold.

"Are you alone?"

"Mamma is out, and Lina is upstairs," she answered.

"I am glad," he said earnestly. "I want to see you alone. I am going away."

"Indeed," she replied carelessly.

"For long, Mr. Sexton?"

She glanced at him, but instantly looked away; he was looking at her with a troubled face.

"I don't know," he answered, after a long silence. "I had something I intended to tell you when I entered, but my courage has left me."

"I cannot conceive that you could have anything to tell me that would require courage," she said, with such well assumed carelessness that she wondered at herself.

He put his hand on hers, but she drew it back with a shudder.

"It has been a mistake, then, on my part," he said in a low tone.

"Yes," she said quietly, not looking at him, "it was a mistake."

"Oh, Julia," cried Lina's voice, "look what Arthur has sent you."

It was a picture of himself, in a beautiful frame.

Lina held it out to Mr. Sexton, who involuntarily drew back.

"Is Mr. Norton a relative?" he asked.

"Not yet," answered Lina, with a saucy smile at Julia. "He and Julia have been engaged since babyhood. Didn't you know that? I thought every one knew that?"

"No, I did not know it," he said quietly, rising to go.

"Are you angry with me, Ju?" asked Lina, after he had gone and Julia would not look at the picture.

"Angry? Why should I be angry?" asked Julia, calmly.

Lina did not reply. "I don't believe she cares," she thought—and yet—well, it was hard to know what passed in Julia's heart.

Each day increases the number of people who can testify to the truth of the old proverb, "Troubles never comes singly." Indeed, they are so fond of travelling in company that they will wait for years to collect a wagon-load, and then some sad day their driver Circumstance will will stop his horse before your door, and gravely help each traveler to alight; and before you have taken the measure of the first undesirable, uninvited guest, they will be upon you in a body. Early in the day Julia began to feel sick. Her throat was sore, her limbs ached, and she had such a fever she had to go to bed. When the doctor came he said that it was only a cold and she would be all right again in a day or two. She was better in the morning, but not well, and lounged about listlessly.

"You can't go to the ball to-night—can you, Ju?" asked Lina, in the afternoon.

"No."

"Shall I stay with you? I'd just as soon."

"What for? I suppose I'll be in bed before you go."

"Very well, then. I am going to take a nap."

She went upstairs, where her mother had preceded her, and Julia lay wearily back on the sofa. Her physical wretchedness was so great that it blunted her mental anguish.

She had told Mary to deny her to every one, but the time seemed so long that when Mary came and told her there was a young lady in the hall who said she must see Miss Clarkson, Julia told her to bring the girl into the library, where she lay.

Julia supposed it was some one she knew, and looked up with a greeting in her face as the girl appeared; but surprise superseded it, as her eyes fell upon a stranger with the most beautiful face Julia had ever seen. In the girl's deep violet eyes was a look of mingled pleading and antagonism which made Julia forget the courtesy of bidding her be seated.

"Are you Miss Clarkson?" the girl asked in a low, sweet voice.

"Yes,—sit down," said Julia.

The girl took a few steps forward and stood leaning lightly against a chair.

"Are you engaged to Mr. Norton?"

Julia, staring at her in amazement, saw a burning blush creep up beneath the girl's dazzling skin, until even the white throat was dyed red; but the stranger's eyes did not falter.

"What is that to you?" asked Julia, haughtily, at last, feeling discomfited, she knew not why.

"Are you?" persisted the girl.

"No." Julia was forced to answer against her will.

The radiance of joy rushed into the girl's face, gleaming in its beautiful curves and lighting up the depths of the violet eyes, bringing out her beauty with startling distinctness. She came close to Julia.

"You are his friend, though," she said eagerly.

"Yes. I am —"

"Then you will give me his address. That is what I came for. I saw your address in a paper."

"I don't know his address," replied Julia, in increasing astonishment.

"You don't know!" cried the girl, excitedly. "Oh, who does know? You must know some one who knows. Please tell me, quick! I must see him."

The tears were showing in her lovely eyes, and she had advanced toward Julia as though she would shake remembrance into her.

"Indeed I don't know," said Julia in distress. "I did know, but he has changed his rooms since; I wish I could tell you."

Her sympathy was so genuine that the girl could not restrain herself longer, and throwing herself into a chair, sobbed hysterically.

"Don't, don't," Julia cried. "Tell me what it is, can't you? I am Arthur's friend—he has been like a brother always."

"That's what he said," sobbed the girl, "but Horace said he was engaged to you."

"Horace who?" Julia had unconsciously stiffened.

"Horace Sexton, my brother. You know him, don't you?" answered the girl, wiping her eyes.

"Yes, but I did not know he had a sister."

"I am only a step-sister. My name is Elsie Osburn. He is the only relative I've got, and he came to hunt me up because I ran off from school with Arthur."

She began to cry again; but now Julia's curiosity was greater than her sympathy, and she asked quickly, "With Arthur Norton?"

"Yes?"

"How long ago?"

"Three months ago."

"And you are—your name —"

She stopped, and the girl looked at her half resentfully, half in shame, as she said, "He intended to marry me as soon as he could, but Horace found me night before last and made me come away with him. He found out some way

who Arthur was,—I wouldn't tell him, —and he sent him word if he ever came near me again he'd kill him. I don't know why he didn't do it yesterday—he's equal to it. I managed to leave a note behind me with Madame Vanski's —what's the matter?"—for the name had struck Julia like a bullet, and she had given a convulsive start, and the whiteness of her face had penetrated even the absorbing grief of the stranger.

"Nothing,—go on. I have not been well," said Julia, hastily. "Arthur got the note, I suppose?"

"Yes, he came to see me this morning, and Horace had a detective watching and when Horace came this afternoon he was furious. He said he had spared him once for the sake of some one else who was so unfortunate as to love him, but he would call him to account now. I know he'll kill him, if he can find him, and I—I can't warn him. I went to Madame Vanski, but she doesn't know his address," she began to sob afresh.

"Night before last," said Julia, musingly. "How did your brother know you were there?"

"I don't know. He has been hunting the city over. He tracked us some way."

"And you care for a man who would take you to a place like that."

The girl's face burned.

"Arthur did not know at first, and after we found out, he said we would be married as soon as he could get a house for us alone and it wasn't worth while to change,—and now Horace will kill him."

Her sobs became louder, but they did not touch Julia, who exclaimed, "It would be small loss." But the girl's cry of anguish smote her heart.

Suddenly a new thought came to her. Rising quickly, she asked, "How old are you?"

"Seventeen—next month," answered the girl, hushing her sobs to see what Julia meant to do.

"I have thought of a way to find Ar-

thur. If I go with you, and we find him, will you come back with me, and agree to whatever your brother says you must do until you are of age? If you won't —"

"Yes, yes," cried the girl, rising eagerly.

A few minutes later Julia's coachman was driving them rapidly through the streets.

"There is an artist, a friend of his, who rooms near where Arthur used to live. He will probably know the address. I did not think of him at first," said Julia. And that is all that was said during the ride.

The artist was not at home, and the girls' disappointed faces so impressed the old woman who kept his rooms that she said, "I think he'll be in purty soon. Come in and wait, won't you? Here's one of his friends here, expect-un' him ev'r'y minute."

She swung the studio door open, and Elsie gave a sharp cry as she saw Arthur Norton inside.

"He is a good painter, ain't he?" said the old woman, proudly, thinking it was the picture in the middle of floor that had impressed Elsie.

Julia paid no heed to woman or picture. "Arthur," she said quietly, "Miss Osburn wishes to see you. I will wait outside."

His face had flamed at sight of the two, and his eyes would not look at Julia as he rose and turned to Elsie, who had stepped inside.

"La," thought the old woman, as Julia reached past her and pulled the door shut. "It wasn't the painter after all." But Julia did not enlighten her concerning the affair, and so she went away.

It was not so long as Julia expected, before the door was opened again. Perhaps Arthur feared the arrival of the artist. Elsie came out, and he came with her. In silence he escorted them to the carriage and put them in, and in silence lifted his hat and went back.

Elsie looked radiantly happy. "He is going to write to Horace, asking his

consent to our marriage. He wanted to go to him, but I wouldn't let him. I am afraid to have him meet Horace. Isn't he honorable?"

Julia looked at her curiously, but made no answer.

"I am going to take you home with me, and let your brother come for you," Julia said, after a long silence. "Will you stay with me? My mother and my sister will be away."

"I should like to stay, but I should not like to see any one," answered the girl, timidly.

"You need not."

"How good you are," exclaimed the girl. "You must be fond of Arthur."

Julia smiled. "You little silly," she said to herself. She knew her kindness flowed from a deeper, stronger spring than any vein of tenderness she had for Arthur Norton.

Julia's folks were never surprised by anything she did. They caught no glimpse of the stranger, and after scolding Julia for going out in her condition, went off thinking the visitor was one of the many who came to pay their devotions to Julia.

The girls so strangely brought together had scarcely seated themselves in the library before Mr. Sexton came.

Julia sent his sister in to him, and while they were together she sat staring at the door. An hour passed; then the door opened and Horace Sexton came through. He closed the door after him, and came up to her.

"What shall I say to you?" he asked gently.

"You were kind to her?" she asked, her eyes still on the door.

"Yes. I have searched in such abominable places that my horror and anger were all spent when I found her."

There was a long silence, then he broke out suddenly, "Julia, do you care for that cur?"

"No," she answered promptly.

"But Lina said —"

"She was teasing me. That was only a dream of mamma's."

"But you allowed me to believe it?"

She was silent.

"Why did you?" he demanded.

"I had seen you, night before last, when you —"

She stopped short, but a swift glance at him told her he was still in the dark, so she went on, "When you went into the Vanski place."

"How did that happen?" he asked, looking in bewilderment at her scarlet face.

"No matter," she answered.

He seized her hands and bent over her.

"Julia, did you see me, and—and follow me?"

She nodded.

He caught his breath.

"If you did that—you must!"—he looked at her hesitatingly.

"Yes," she said softly.

If actions speak louder than words, the girl in the next room must have learned that these two had entered the land which never loses its attraction, though thousands come away, saying its beauty is over-rated and its inducements as an abiding place are mirages of fancy. Though at every step is met a woe-begone emigrant who tells a tale of disillusion more harrowing than any ever told by a returning traveller who sought fortune and found misfortune in the West, mortals still press on toward the promise land. And when they get there, some stay always, others are pleased for a time, then weary of the place and come away, and others, who are out only for a pleasure trip, are through with the place in a day. A wonderful land it is, and one of its strangest features is that, although it has more inhabitants than any other land under the sun, each dweller therein is aware of the presence of but one other resident. A wonderful land,—for whether the stay be long or short, happy or unhappy, no one who has been in the land of Love can recall without a thrill the ecstasy of the moment when its glory was first revealed to his eyes.

A FIRST-CLASS STOWAWAY

BY HARRIET CARYL COX

THE decks of the *Cephalonia* were alive with throngs of passengers and their guests.

Down in the steerage faces were grave, and anxious women huddled together, and babies cried drearily.

The crew were busily hauling in belated baggage, while officers passed fore and aft, directing, commanding, explaining.

The cabin was crowded, and jest met jest. The air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers. Roses, narcissus, and violets bloomed in every hand.

Flurried passengers sought their staterooms and supervised the stowing away of bags and satchels. Doors swung open, revealing glimpses of partings not meet for public view.

All betokened a speedy departure.

One stateroom alone remained silent and empty.

Its occupant had entered early, left his grip, and passed out seeking a secluded spot far from the gaze of the wharf, and unmolested by those who thronged cabins and decks.

A puff of cigar-smoke now and then was the only sign of a presence there.

As the decks were cleared and the gangplank about to be withdrawn, he strolled to the side nearest the wharf, black now with a tearful and friendly crowd.

As his tall figure emerged from the shadow, a shout went up, and a dozen handkerchiefs were waved at him, while an eager party edged through the crowd to be nearer.

"Mean boy—why did you hide?" "Sorry not to shake." "Emily still hiding?" "Bon voyage!" as the tugs gave a sharp whistle and the black hulk began to move slowly away from the dock.

Something was thrown with unerring aim and fell upon his bared head.

Its soft cover of paper broke, and a shower of rice fell about him.

The bystanders laughed and smiled in a knowing way, but the gravity of his face did not change.

Scarce noting the flakes of white upon his shoulders, he leaned against the railing, and watched the upturned faces growing more and more indistinct, till they became but a confused mass in the distance.

He noted, yet only half-seeing, the two tugs as they drew in their hawsers and steamed merrily away with a conscious air of having done their duty in starting the good ship bravely on her way.

There was a new movement of the boat, a throbbing that told him that the ship's engines were at work.

The crowd about him grew thinner. Many sought their staterooms, while others strained their eyes to catch one last glimpse of home ere it faded away.

The ship was well out at sea ere the lonely passenger changed his position. The neglected cigar in his hand had gone out, and he tossed it impatiently into the sea.

Then he turned and went to his stateroom.

The passage before his door was piled with flowers. He pushed them carelessly aside and entered the room.

He threw himself on the lower berth and closed his eyes.

He seemed to sleep, when a sudden movement of the boat aroused him.

A bag had rolled across the stateroom.

He lazily opened his eyes. Then he sat up.

On the floor was a small boy, with bright, frightened eyes.

"I rolled out," he gasped, as if in explanation.

"So I should judge," replied the young man, with a gleam in his grave eyes. "And might I inquire where you rolled from,—and how you happened to be here in my stateroom?"

His tone was polite, yet cutting.

The boy sat up and leaned against the wall. He studied the man's face for a moment. Then he stretched out his legs, rubbed his knees, and remarked:

"It was kinder cramped under that berth, it was, and I guess I must have fell asleep, for I didn't hear you come in, and that's certain.

"Oh, yes; I was under there all the time," looking up to see how his auditor received the revelation.

"I s'pose I'm what they call a stow-away, and I'm going to take this trip across, too.

"I reckon there'll be a row when you let on, but they can't send me back now," and he shot another glance at the other occupant.

"What will they do with you?" queried he.

"Oh, swear at me first, and threaten to drop me overboard," returned the boy, carelessly.

"But they won't dare to do that, you know, so they'll set me to work, and make me do all the dirty things that they can find, and knock me about same's I was a dog, and when we get to the other side they'll watch to see I don't get ashore.

"But I'm thinking I can jump off and swim, if I can't get off any other way."

"You seem to be very anxious to get there."

"You bet!" was the emphatic reply.

"Look-a-here," drawing nearer, and looking earnestly up into the man's face: "Say, there ain't nobody else a-be-longing to this place, be there?"

There was a tremble in the boy's voice, and his eyes were fastened on the face above him.

"Don't you think—" He hesitated a moment, then went on hurriedly:

"Don't you think, seeing there ain't nobody else here, and it wouldn't cost any more, you could let me sleep here, and not let on to nobody?"

He was close now, and one grimy hand was on his listener's knee.

"I wouldn't make you no trouble," he pleaded; "and if you said so, I'd only sleep here when you were out on deck, and I wouldn't cost you nothing, 'cause I've got some grub stowed away under there—" with a nod towards the lower berth.

"Say, I wish you would—awful. Can't you?"

There was a long pause. Tears stood in the boy's brown eyes.

Thoughts of the bride that should have been there flashed through the man's mind. His grief and disappointment were still keen. It was only three hours since she had failed to meet him, but those three hours were a lifetime.

The minister had been there, all was ready, but she had not come.

She had left the house, messengers had brought him back that assurance, but now the boat had sailed, and he was taking his journey alone.

He ground his teeth. Anger and grief were mingled. Then his eyes fell on the face of the boy.

Upstart—stowaway—what if he was miserable?—he, Clinton Frost, was miserable, too.

No; he would hand him over to the captain. He smiled grimly. There would be some satisfaction in seeing some one else suffer.

"I wouldn't care if it wa'n't for grandad," broke in the boy's voice.

"He's back in the steerage, you know. There wa'n't enough for the two of us, and I had to come to take care of him. He's pretty old, grandad is, 'most eighty, but he just had to come back so's to pay back some money and make things straight, and show folks he was honest. Our folks is all dead, else he wouldn't come back, 'cause they said 'twas all foolishness when he used to want to so bad.

"But after dad died, grandad said there wa'n't nothing but honor left him, and he was a-coming back. So we kept a saving, and there was some insurance money, and I didn't eat very much nor chew gum any, or go to shows, 'cause grandad was so set on coming.

"He'll feel bad if I get banged round, but then, I won't tell.

"'Twill be kinder lonesome for him, not knowing anybody, but maybe the captain 'll let me see him once or twice if I work good."

The boy paused in his monologue.

The young man rose slowly. There was a tired look in his eyes.

"You can stay," he answered wearily. "I'll fix it all right with the captain," he added; "and now you take yourself off to the steerage and look after the grandad."

The boy bounded from the floor.

There was a scurry of retreating footsteps, and he was gone.

It was the second day out. The sea was rough, and but few passengers were on deck.

Clinton Frost leaned against the railing in a sunny spot.

The rolling of the ship had no effect on him. He was thinking of the boy, his little roommate, whose heavy breathing he had heard the long night through.

And he thought with a smile of the hearty breakfast the lad had made off his big loaf of bread, sitting on the floor, a mug of water held firmly between his sturdy knees.

The boy suddenly appeared beside him.

"Grandad ain't feeling first-rate this morning," he announced.

"Feels kinder sickish, same 's most of the folks do, but he's pretty comfortable.

"There's one woman there, though, that's in an awful fix. She's terrible sick; sick when she came on board, and ain't just right in her head, I reckon.

And she don't seem to have no mattress nor nothing. Folks have took turns letting her lie on theirs. I was a-thinking—"

He gazed out at sea. "I was a-thinking," he repeated hurriedly:

"You've been awful good to me, and it don't seem square ter ask any more favors, but somehow seeing her so sick it made me feel kinder mean to think er lying on that good berth and she so uneasy like.

"I was a-thinking that if you'd only let me take the mattress down ter her, and one er the blankets, she'd be a sight more comfortable, and I'd sleep on the floor all right. 'Twould be a good sight better'n I expected.

"Say, you couldn't let me do it, could you?"

"No," said Mr. Frost, shortly. "Of course I couldn't. They wouldn't allow it, anyway."

Then, as the boy's face fell, he added: "But I'll see what can be done. The stewardess can raise something, I know."

The boy turned away disappointed.

"I'm going back now," he said.

"Maybe we'll fix something somehow," and he walked slowly away.

"The sick lady's better," the boy announced next morning to an uninterested auditor.

The boy was becoming tiresome with his tales of the steerage.

"That mattress you sent was fine, and the broth seemed to be just right; and this morning she can talk, and sat up leaning against me a long time.

"She ain't like the rest of the folks down there. It's queer about her. She ain't got no baggage nor nothing, and didn't never mean to come.

"Something happened. Got spilled out of a carriage or something, and was taken to the hospital, and didn't come to till just 'fore the boat sailed, and she took on so they brought her down 'cause she said she must go.

"Guess there was a man in the case,

and she thinks he's gone back on her.

"My—but what made you start so sudden? Want to go down to the steerage, you say?"

"Perhaps my sick lady would like some of the flowers?"

"Guess she would,—you might bring 'em on, anyway."

The steerage passengers were in a highly excited state of mind.

"A real story romance," shouted Mrs. Malloy into the deaf ears of her husband.

"The sick lady is a real lady after all, and she was going to get married to the handsome man who has just come down, but the horses ran away and she got smashed up, and only came to her senses enough to tell 'em to take her to the boat."

"And she didn't have no first-class ticket, nor nothing, so they brought her right into the steerage."

"The man she was going to marry was mad and started off anyway, same's she knew he would."

"So now all they've got to do is to get married and everything will be all right."

And so they were married.

A clergyman performed the ceremony, and the little stowaway acted as best man.

The steerage passengers were given a big dinner, and grandad and the boy were transferred to second cabin, though the latter maintains to this day that he travelled "*first-class*," then adds, "as a stowaway."





BY W. M. SHEFFIELD

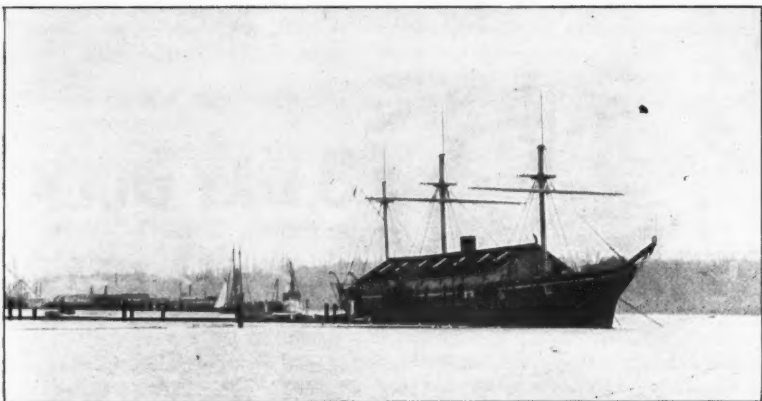
PUGET SOUND, in the far Northwest State of Washington, has just celebrated the completion of the new government dry dock at Port Orchard, the only one of its kind in the Pacific Northwest, and the largest in the world, except two in Italy, which were constructed by the Italian government to accommodate the larger of its war vessels. The Port Orchard dock was christened on Wednesday, April 22, when the United States monitor *Monterey* entered for general repairs, and also for the purpose of testing the dock. Great interest centered in the event, and the test accorded the dock proved satisfactory.

It was a gala day for Puget Sound, and hundreds of people were present from Seattle, thirteen miles away; from Tacoma, thirty miles distant, while the neighboring smaller towns were represented by almost their total population. Interest in the proceedings was increased by the presence of a royal visitor, in the shape of Her British Majesty's gunboat *Pheasant*, which steamed into the snug harbor the night before from Victoria.

It has been nearly seven years since Port Orchard was selected by a committee of naval and army officers as the most suitable site in the Pacific Northwest for a government dry dock. The new dock will cost Uncle Sam consider-

ably over \$600,000, in fact nearer \$700,000. But the cost will not be considered when the advantages are taken into consideration. One little item of saving alone needs only to be mentioned, reference to the coast defence features being eliminated, for they do not require discussion. Heretofore the Behring Sea fleet of revenue cutters—and there are now five to eight in continual service between Puget Sound and Alaskan territory—have been compelled to go to Mare Island for general repairs. This has necessitated a cruise south of over a thousand miles; but for all time in the future this will be obviated. The next vessel to enter the new dock will be the battleship *Oregon*. The Mare Island dock is much too small to take in the great length and girth of the *Oregon*.

The completion of the Port Orchard dock marks an era of great importance in the development of the Pacific Northwest, and is also a forerunner of additional coast defences. However, the present Congress has not been idle in the matter of coast defences in this far-off region, for as soon as it was decided to build the dry dock at Port Orchard, the matter of defence of the plant came up and was seriously considered. There are two entrances to Port Orchard by winding channels of generous width, Bainbridge Island sitting in the lap of



U. S. Steamer "Nipsic," Receiving Ship at Port Orchard Navy Yard

the two channels, forming a protection against the elements. The location of the island with reference to the site of the dock satisfied the Secretary of War that the proper place for a land battery would be a bold promontory near Seattle, which he named Magnolia Bluffs. These bluffs command, within easy cannon-shot, the two entrances leading to the harbor of Port Orchard, and also the entrance to the harbor of Seattle, where is located a community of sixty thousand people. Congress adopted the suggestion of the Naval Department, and established an artillery post on the Bluffs, and the citizens of Seattle promptly donated a site of nearly six hundred acres.

It is interesting to note that two other big dry docks have just been built by this government, one at Brooklyn, and the other at Port Royal, S. C. Neither of these, however, is quite so large as the Port Orchard dock, although any of them could accommodate the largest warship afloat. The building of these three docks by the United States government has been watched by the Navy Department with interest, and it augurs a more encouraging outlook for the shipping interests of the merchant marine of this country. At the beginning

of the Civil War the merchant marine was known in every port in the civilized world. American ships, manned by American sailors, sailed on every sea, and the American flag was unfurled in every breeze that blew. With the decline of the merchant marine the navy of the United States remained at a standstill. While other powers, such as England, France, and Russia were building warships, our Navy Department, for a long term of years restricted by Congress, were repairing the old wooden war hulks which still carried the old-style smooth-bore guns, made in the 60's. But the great change which has come over the American people within the past few years is now evident in a hundred different ways. With the building of such war engines as the great ironclad *Indiana*, costing \$3,250,000, and other vessels in her class, such as the *Oregon*, *Iowa*, and *Massachusetts*, came the necessity of dry docks large enough to accommodate those vessels in case of accident. Then, in view of the ever-increasing interests of this country in Pacific waters, which will be so greatly enlarged by the construction of the Nicaragua canal, and the growing necessity of keeping a fleet of war vessels on the coast at all times, it was decided to



Moonlight on the Sound, from Port Orchard
A rare photograph

build a dock, and at the same time locate a naval station on Puget Sound. The further fact that the British government has a large stone dry dock at Esquimalt, near Victoria, combined to favor the location of the new dock for this coast on the Sound.

But the story is told by the single statement that the *Monterey* is now in this new Northwest dry dock, and the event proved a glad one for the Puget Sound region—a region the extent of which can be only vaguely conveyed when it is said that its shore-line is over two thousand miles in extent. The docking of the monitor took place at eight o'clock in the morning. The vessel swung loose from her buoy, and steamed slowly around, almost in a circle, from which she diverged to make a straight line for the mouth of the dock. Across the mouth a plain blue

ribbon had been stretched. Slowly the *Monterey* approached the entrance, and daintily she put her nose against the ribbon. There was a delicate resistance, and the ribbon parted; a silent murmur from the spectators, and the *Monterey* glided into the dock.

As said before, this dock enjoys the distinction of being the largest in the world, except two in Italy. The dimensions of the dock are as follows:

	FT.	IN.
Length over all	749	8
Length from coping at head to outer gate post	650	5
Length on timber floor	573	7
Width on coping at centre	130	1
Width on floor	67	1
Width of stone entrance at cop- ing	92	8
Height from floor to coping	39	3
Mean high water above stone sill at entrance	28	2

It is alleged that the great dock at

Southampton is longer than this one, but not nearly so wide. The completion of the new dock gave rise in the West to a discussion concerning the docks of this and other countries. A coast paper, commenting on the outlook of the Port Orchard dock, and dry docks in general, published the following interesting data received from an authentic source:

"The total number of vessels with iron or steel hulls in our navy, built or under construction, is eighty-seven, of which twelve are battleships and armored cruisers, with a draught of over twenty-four feet. This number is likely to be increased with four battleships, and perhaps twenty-five torpedo boats. Thus in, say four years, we may have sixteen deep-draught battleships, and one hundred smaller vessels, for the accommodation of which there are only ten docks in all the seven navy yards and stations, distributed as follows:

LOCATION.	Material.....	Length, feet.....	Width floor feet.....	Water, feet, inches..
Boston.....	Stone...	391	30	27
Brooklyn.....	Stone...	350	30	25 6
Brooklyn.....	Timber..	530	50	25 6
League Island.....	Timber..	530	50	25 6
Norfolk.....	Stone...	360	30	24
Norfolk.....	Timber..	530	50	25 6
Port Royal.....	Timber..	600	50	26
Port Orchard.....	Timber..	650	50	26
Mare Island ..	Stone...	530	30	23

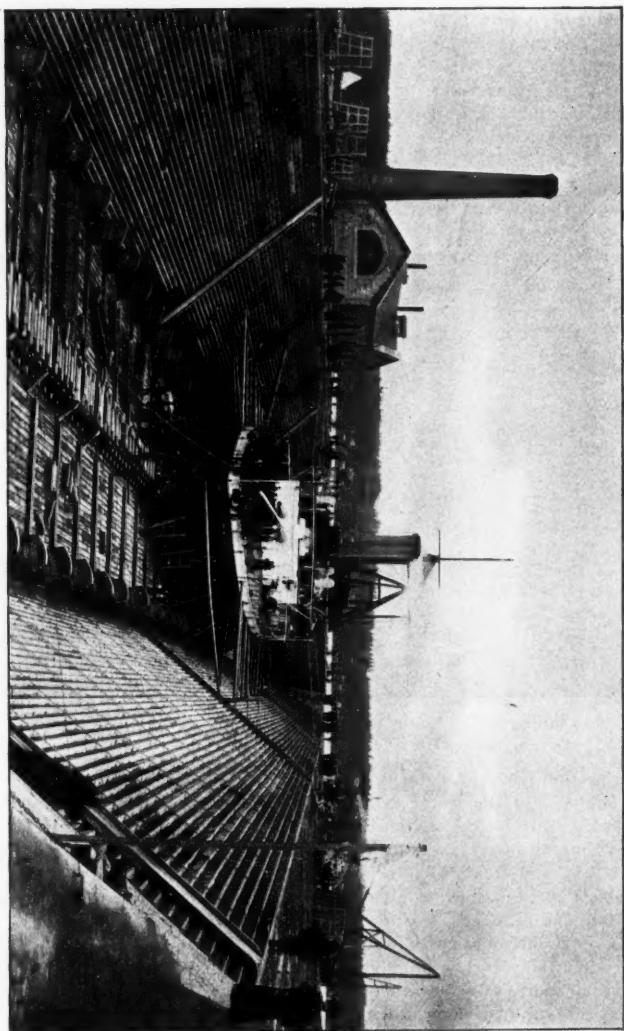
"The stone docks of Boston, Brooklyn, and Norfolk are all old affairs, and, although lengthened during the past ten years, are insufficient for battleships or large cruisers. The Mare Island dock, built during 1873 and 1886, and really not completed until 1891, cost \$3,000,000, in a round sum, and was built on an antiquated design. The depth of water is sufficient, as the docking of the *Duquesne*, in 1886, drawing twenty-eight feet six inches, demonstrated, but the narrowness of the en-

trance toward the bottom, and with only thirty feet width of deck floor, makes it useless for modern battleships, and inconvenient for flat-floored vessels, like the *Monterey* and *Monadnock*.

"There are about 650 docks of all descriptions distributed over the world, of which Great Britain owns and controls 350; the United States has sixty-five, and France sixty-two. For the use of the navy Great Britain has forty-one docks at home, and thirty-two elsewhere. In seven British dockyards at home there are thirty-eight dry docks, of which Portsmouth has fourteen, France has thirty-two, and Italy and Germany each eight. In the United States the sum total, when that of Brooklyn shall have been completed, is only ten, and unlike Great Britain, it has no private docks to fall back on which will be of any real service for its largest ships. While the United States owns no dry docks outside its own limits, England on the other hand has them in the West Indies, in Canada, on the Atlantic seaboard, and in British Columbia on the Pacific. It owns two in Africa, fifty-one in Asia, and ten in Australia. Docks in China and Japan not owned by the respective governments practically belong to Great Britain.

"During the past thirteen years the United States has constructed six docks, costing about \$5,000,000."

The present naval officers in charge of the Port Orchard dry dock and station are Commander John C. Morong, Commandant; Civil Engineer R. C. Halliday, Past Assistant Surgeon Carl D. Brownell, Past Assistant Paymaster Harry R. Sullivan, and the several minor officials. Lieutenant A. B. Wyckoff, retired, is responsible for the selection of the site of the naval reserve, and he was the first commandant, being relieved by Commander Morong. The land originally selected by Lieutenant Wyckoff embraced 190 acres, to which were afterward added thirty-five of tide lands donated by the State of Washington. The centre of the reservation rises



U. S. Monitor "Monterey" in Port Orchard Dry Dock

in two picturesque ridges to elevations of more than 100 feet, furnishing admirable and beautiful locations for residences, marine barracks, and hospital grounds. The ridges are wooded with fir and cedar and the usual growths of underbrush and softer woods.

It would be hardly proper to close this article without reference to the weatherbeaten, time-honored, old-fashioned man-o'-war *Nipsic*, which now graces the harbor of Port Orchard, near the site of the dry dock. It has been months since the vessel has stirred

shows, and here the commandant and his officers reside and will continue to live for some weeks yet, the residences not yet being completed.

The *Nipsic* was in the harbor of Apia, Samoan Islands, at the time of the great storm when four warships were wrecked with great loss of life, and two vessels were beached. It is now a matter of history that this disastrous hurricane came up on March 15, 1889, and tossed about in the little South Sea pocket—for that is what the harbor of Apia really is—the warships *Trenton*, *Vandalia*,



Officers' Residence, Port Orchard Navy Yard

from her present position, and when the tide is ebbing and the water is clear visitors can plainly see the seaweed and barnacles clinging to her lazy hull. The seaweed, long and flexible, is the favorite abode of numerous small fish, shiners, tom and rock cod, starfish and crabs, all apparently patiently waiting the time when the vessel will be abandoned to their sport. Four years ago this vessel was sent up from Mare Island to be utilized at Port Orchard as a receiving ship, and a place of residence for the officers pending the completion of the dock and the improvement of the reserve. A house was built over the deck, as the illustration plainly

and *Nipsic*, of the United States navy; the warships *Olga*, *Adler*, and *Eber*, of the German navy, and the English cruiser *Calliope*. The *Trenton* was lost, also one of her men; forty-seven men went down in the wreck of the *Vandalia*, and seven men were lost from the *Nipsic*, the vessel being beached. The *Olga* was beached and luckily lost none of her men. The *Adler* went down with twenty-three of her crew, and the *Eber* went to pieces and sixty-three men were either drowned or killed in the wreckage. The *Calliope* was nearest the entrance to the harbor and succeeded in steaming out in the teeth of the hurricane. She reached the sea and escaped.



IT is not often that so excellent an opportunity offers itself as a criterion of fashion as was recently the case at the coronation of the Czar of Russia. No other women in the world, it is generally conceded, are prone to dress more gorgeously than those belonging to the Russian aristocracy. While they may lack somewhat the taste that is characteristic of Americans, yet their fabrics and garnitures are the more splendid, reaching in many instances to a degree that is almost barbaric in their enrichment of gems and gold. Never, since the days of the Empress Eugenie, have such fabulous sums been expended upon wardrobes, or such sumptuous creations been invented by the great *couturières*, as was occasioned in the preparations for the

recent great event. We have been treated within late years to not a few displays of fashion that at their time were rightly considered as representing the extremity of an extreme, yet compared to this they fade into the fragment of a forgotten dream. We have been accustomed to see rare gowns at the opera, at the races, at the salon, and at the world's greatest watering-places, but we are obliged to frankly confess that in the past we have never been apprehensive of the coming of the day when so much lavishness and magnificence should meet our eyes. We have known women who have "followed the fashion," but seldom to such a degree as this.

It is here that a criterion presents itself. With so fresh an exhibition of dress display in our minds, the question very naturally arises, "How far may any



From a copyrighted photo. by B. J. Falk

MISS AMY BUSBY

Combination Costume of Lyons Black and White Satin. Hat of Tuscan and Coarse Crochet,



Mlle. CLEO de MERODÉ—Of whom all Paris is Talking
 Street Costume of Black Peau de Soie. Skirt and Bodice of White Satin Striped with Black. Pale Tan Coat.
 Hat, Glossy Black Straw in the Louis XVI. Shape

fashion be followed?" "Is it in conformity with the fitness of things to push a custom until it becomes a monstrosity, to render one's self the slave to any particular modish dictum until the bounds of the common sense are overreached and the realms of the condemnably absurd are entered upon?" These are questions that full many a woman has put to herself upon occasions that are not few. Fashion after fashion has come into vogue and she has severally followed them from their original appearance in the bud to their final decay in the blasted blossom. In almost every instance when a fashion has reached a certain stage of its development she has asked herself, "Ought I to go any farther? If I do I shall be wearing something that impresses me as being ugly and unfit, even though in doing so I but follow my sex."

To such a question there can be but one answer—"Stop the fashion in the middle." Indeed, a wise and rightfully minded woman always does this. She commences as does any other woman by accepting the opening demands of any new fashion. She does this because a new fashion in the majority of instances nowadays is apt to be a thought of beauty, its initial form having a touch of grace. It is a real improvement, and is generally an artistic and comfortable gain. However conservative one may be in principle, it can never be otherwise than right and fitting to acquire something that possesses more beauty than its predecessor. As to the insane degree a fashion may run, witness a case that is extremely timely and applicable—the rapid development of the large sleeve. The first unassuming shoulder puff was as pretty as its diminutive size permitted it to be, and was such an improvement on the bareness of the old strait-jacket casing as to be unanimously welcomed. Even when it elevated and spread its dimensions considerably more, it was but the opening out, as a flower opens, to its full expression. Here it should have stopped, but human

nature, unlike Mother Nature, is too often unaware of the moment when the beautiful ceases and the ugly begins. Nature itself never passes into the unseemingly or the unsightly, but man, her crude imitator, is prone to make a mistake. Thus the habit has gone on, increased and encouraged by the dry-goods people and the innately stupid devotees, until, at the present time, it has become well-nigh a vulgarity—a something that is a direct denial of the beautiful in dress.

But as before intimated, the fittingly dressed and rightly minded woman has never been in danger of committing and fostering this fault conducive to ugliness. She has stopped half-way in her following of the fashion, thus being safe from either extreme—old desuetude or the inevitable reaction. She has done what every woman ought to do—"follow the fashion" as a securely guarded soldier in the main body of the army and not as a reckless, headlong rider in the vanguard of gallopers.

And then there is another invariably safe dictum as to the manner in which a fashion may be followed. It is this: one should never follow a fashion that demands the wearing of certain styles that smother the individuality of the wearer. As words are the medium by which we express and clothe our thoughts, so just as truly ought our apparel to proclaim the woman. A man's or woman's clothing ought in every case to stand only as one of the several outer manifestations of the inner personality. Conformity, fitness, harmony, adaptation and correlation of parts is nature's greatest and most beautiful law. Why shouldn't it be man's also?

Yet this delicate sense of what is applicable that is so often noticed in many very strong or sensitive individualities is by no means a latter day concern. The old Italian painters were past masters in this art of making the gown suit or express the woman, for whoever looks carefully at the portraits by Moroni and Leonardo da Vinci and a host of others,



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE
Gown of Moss-Colored Cashmere with Black Guipure Butterflies



From a copyrighted photo. by Amie Dupont

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL

An Elaborate Creation of Cream White Satin, Brocaded with Velvet in Lily of the Valley Designs



MISS ANNIE RUSSELL
Ball-Gown of Vivid Green Taffeta with Tulle to Match

cannot fail to notice how completely the dress belonged to the individual painted. Could any one but Simonetta Vespucci have worn the subtle green and gold garment in which Pollaimolo painted her, the tints repeated again in the snake that curls round her long white throat?

So it is that every woman should try to "express herself" in her clothes. In doing this it is not necessary that one should look peculiar, for the women who are distinctive in their toilettes are not the women who attract attention. Signora Duse is an example. There is never anything remarkable about her garments or striking to the eye, and yet any one who is artistic can see how aesthetically her gowns are planned, following the mode and yet modifying it to suit her own individuality. Her stage costumes are always adapted to the author's delineation of character, and yet, whatever part she takes her clothes seem permeated by her personality as by the rôle itself.

In "Fedora," for instance, her gowns express the personality of the Russian princess, and, notwithstanding, are so individual to the Duse's own temperament that no other Fedora, however fine, could have worn them. They would have been entirely meaningless on another woman.

Of the elaborate gowns which are given in this number of THE BOSTONIAN, perhaps none are more so than that in which Miss Amy Busby is presented. The picture in this instance, as is also the case with the several other illustrations, is a photographic reproduction of an actual dress, and the description is as expert and detailed as is necessary to convey a satisfactory impression to the reader.

Miss Busby's costume is a combination of Lyons black and white satin. The skirt, which is lined with black taffeta, follows the approved mode, the godets being thrown to the back, the front lying flat. The bodice is of white satin cut blouse fashion, while the

jacket consists of velvet arrangements with sleeves closely fitted to the arm nearly to the shoulders where a butterfly puff tops them off. The fichue forms epaulettes at the shoulders which are covered at the top with white satin, the collar itself being of changeable taffeta lined also with white satin. Wide Breton lace finishes this *chic* bodice in a most graceful manner, starting from the shoulders and falling down quite full on both sides of the bodice to below the waist, where it effectively ruffled in by a jeweled girdle. The hat is a black fancy with a crown of Tuscan and a stiffened brim of coarse crochet. At the back where the brim elevates sharply there are three high but graded loops of green gauze ribbon some three inches in width that stand up stiffly. These are not placed on the outer brim but between the brim and the crown. The front of the hat is decorated with a double bow of many grasses and bunches of roses.

The gown shown in the second illustration is that of Mlle. Cleo de Merodé, a dancer at the Grand Opera, and a person about whom all Paris is talking at the present moment. She is considered by many as being the most beautiful woman on the French stage, and her striking, regular-featured beauty has made it possible for her to become what she is—a model for several of the greatest French artists. It is over this always disputable question that Paris is now excited.

A recent "altogether" statue by M. Falguières has been exhibited in the Champs de Mars salon. The head at least is that of Merodé, and although she asserts in the papers that she only posed for the head, and that the body belongs to some one else, yet Parisians are strongly under the impression that M. Falguières' statue represents Mlle. de Merodé in her entirety. Her street costume, which is given in the photograph, is composed of a black *peau de soie* skirt cut with full flowing godets at the back and sides, and a flat apron



MME. MELBA

An Elegant Apparel of Black Lyons Silk Velvet and Black Mousseline de Soie. Hat of Black Rice Straw

breadth in the front. Being worn over a small bustle and well stiffened at the bottom, it cleans the ground gracefully. The bodice is of white satin striped with black, while over that is worn the jauntiest type of a coat—the ever-popular pale tan with its strapped seams, tight-fitting back and loose front. The coat-sleeves shape well above the elbow with a fullness only at the top of arm. The coat is double breasted and lined with dainty Dresden silk. The hat *en suite* is of wide glossy black straw in the Louis XVI. shape, and trimmed with Prince of Wales tips, together with two large *choux* of chiffon. shading from mauve to violet. Beneath the brim at the back are tucked two large bunches of violets. The gown itself is in striking conformity to the wearer herself.

A very exquisite costume to be worn at a modish tea or afternoon function is that of Miss Ethel Barrymore's. It is of the newest shade of moss-colored cashmere with black *guipure* butterflies scattered over the surface. Cashmere is always in favor for house gowns, it being a material that hangs in graceful folds and comes in most delicate colorings. The skirt, besides being a full ten-yard one, is of godet fashion and lined with primrose-colored silk. The bodice is also full, with a corslet or girdle of moss-color and primrose velvet with a large *choux* of two shades of velvet where it fastens. The high stock collar is also of primrose velvet. With this charming gown is worn a hat of rough green straw with a wide brim. The crown is low and trimmed with large loops of primrose taffeta ribbon and black *cocq-de-roches*.

A ball-gown that is likely to attract a great deal of attention, both because of the intrinsic beauty of the costume itself and the additional charm of a superb wearer, is the one illustrated in the photograph of Miss Lillian Russell. It is an elaborate creation of cream-white satin brocaded with velvet in lily of the valley designs. The skirt cut *en*

train, is untrimmed at the bottom. The bodice which is cut to an unusual depth, is sleeveless and trimmed diagonally with broad satin ribbon studded with gems. Edging the bodice and pendant from it are strings of pearls galore, while around the neck, reaching almost to the floor, is thrown carelessly yet with a touch of the artistic in which Miss Russell is incomparable, a boa of chiffon and ostrich tips. The effect *ensemble* is such as can only be produced by a woman whose resources in the realm of the beautiful are as infinite as this famous singer's.

Another ball-gown that is strikingly pleasing to the eye is the one of Miss Annie Russell's. It is a most vivid green taffeta, neither a grass nor an emerald green, but of a most insistent violet tone with tulle to match. The skirt is made with a train seven yards around and slashed up in the front, the open breadths showing a plaited underskirt of violet silk with bunches of violets at the head of the openings or slashes. The bodice is high with blouse front and snug-fitting back. The front itself is trimmed with green tulle and lace, forming epaulettes on each side and one long plait or point down the middle of front. Round the bottom are long square tabs of violet velvet, gold beads, and gold-colored pearls adorning these tabs, together with innumerable strings of pearls encircling the neck. The sleeves are large puffs of the silk covered with the tulle, reaching in graceful folds to the elbows. Long violet suede gloves and satin slippers to match round out a charming picture.

A rich and elegant apparel of black Lyons silk velvet and black mousseline de soie is shown in the illustration of Mme. Melba. It is fashioned with a tight-fitting bodice and plain skirt, the latter measuring six yards about the bottom and made with full flowing godets at the back and sides. The bodice is cut extremely décolleté, fastened and festooned in front with different length chains of cut jet beads, while strings of



MISS MAUD MURRAY
Gown of Soft White Wool with String Pearls at the Sleeves



MISS VIOLA ALLEN

Gown of White Satin and Gros-grain Striped Silk Dotted with Flowers of Green
Hat, a Suggestion of the Poke with Flowers, Lace, and Taffeta Trimmings

diamonds and pearls encircle the neck. The sleeves are full puffs of the mouseline de soie gathered into a wide band of the velvet just above the elbow, with strings of the jet beads forming loops and falling from the shoulders over the puffs. The hat is of black rice straw trimmed with plaitings of black mouseline de soie and large fluffy black tips.

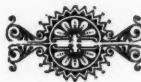
As a gown model for young aspirants of the recitative and elocutionary stage, we present that of Miss Maud Murray's. Miss Murray, who occupies a unique niche among readers, because of her ideality, intensity, and originality, and whose name is by no means unknown throughout the country, arranged and gave with music, and in this costume, the story "Consolator Optime," by John J. à Becket, of New York, at Chickering Hall, Boston. The scene is laid in Italy, and the tale is a love romance, with a tragic conclusion. Running through the story from beginning to end, like the warp and woof, is the *Veni Sancti Spiritus*, the hymn to the Holy Ghost of the Roman Catholic church, which was played in a low undertone during the reading, and in the intervals of silence, upon the organ, and also sung by the reader to the accompaniment of a full and rich tenor voice.

The idea of combining music with this essentially musical story was Miss Murray's own creation, and goes far to prove her earnestness of purpose in the realm of the artistic.

The gown itself is soft white wool with

the slight yet effective enrichment of string pearls at the sleeves. White satin engirdles the waist, ending in a flat bow at the back, while the skirt is made *en train* and the bodice cut very décolleté. No ornaments whatever are worn with this costume, its exclusive charm lying in its entire simplicity and almost classic severity. For debutantes in Greek scenes or recitals, this arrangement is incomparable.

The last dress that it is possible to notice in this current issue is one of white satin and gros-grain striped silk dotted with tiny flowers of green. Miss Viola Allen has always been a charming dresser but in no case does her petite gracefulness manifest itself more strongly than in this costume. The full skirt is trimmed on each side of the front with white accordion plaited chiffon which is caught up with ribbon rosettes in two shades of green, while the waist garniture consists of a jabot of point d'esprit lace, reaching from each shoulder to the waist line. Engirdling the waist is a narrow belt of the darker shade of green with rosettes as a finish. The high collar is ornamented with a rosette on either side, and it will be noticed that the sleeves, which reach to the elbow with a slashed cuff falling a little below, are decidedly more conservative than the extremists consider to be the vogue at the present time. A suggestion of the poke is to be seen in the becoming hat with its lace-covered brim, its flowers galore, and its white taffeta streamers which meet jauntily under the chin.





Salmon Fishing—View of The Dalles from the West

SALMON FISHING

BY M. W. SHEFFIELD

IN considering the salmon industry of the Columbia River one deals with a region of magnificent distances. The river flows—a broad, winding, navigable stream—from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, traversing vast districts of sand and sage brush, and also an almost unknown empire of mountains of evergreen. But the salmon fisheries occupy only a portion of the river, but even that portion embraces a great distance. That section of the river lying between Celilo and Astoria is devoted to salmon fishing and fully 6,000 men find direct employment through it, and not less than 20,000 persons, including all members of families, are afforded a livelihood and some measure of competence by its operations.

Between Astoria and Celilo intervenes

a distance of fully 200 miles, the Cascade range of mountains, through which the Columbia flows, creating two entirely different climatic regions. On the western side of the snow-capped mountain range the country is semi-tropical and really only two seasons are experienced—summer, and the “rainy season.” On the eastern side of the range, where the country does not feel the subtle influence of the Japan current, the seasons are as plainly marked as they are in the Atlantic States of the same latitude. Here is experienced the glories of a radiant autumn, a cold, bracing winter with the mercury playing around ten or more below zero, a glorious spring and a hot summer. At Celilo are the great falls of the Columbia, above which salmon are scarce and, for obvious rea-



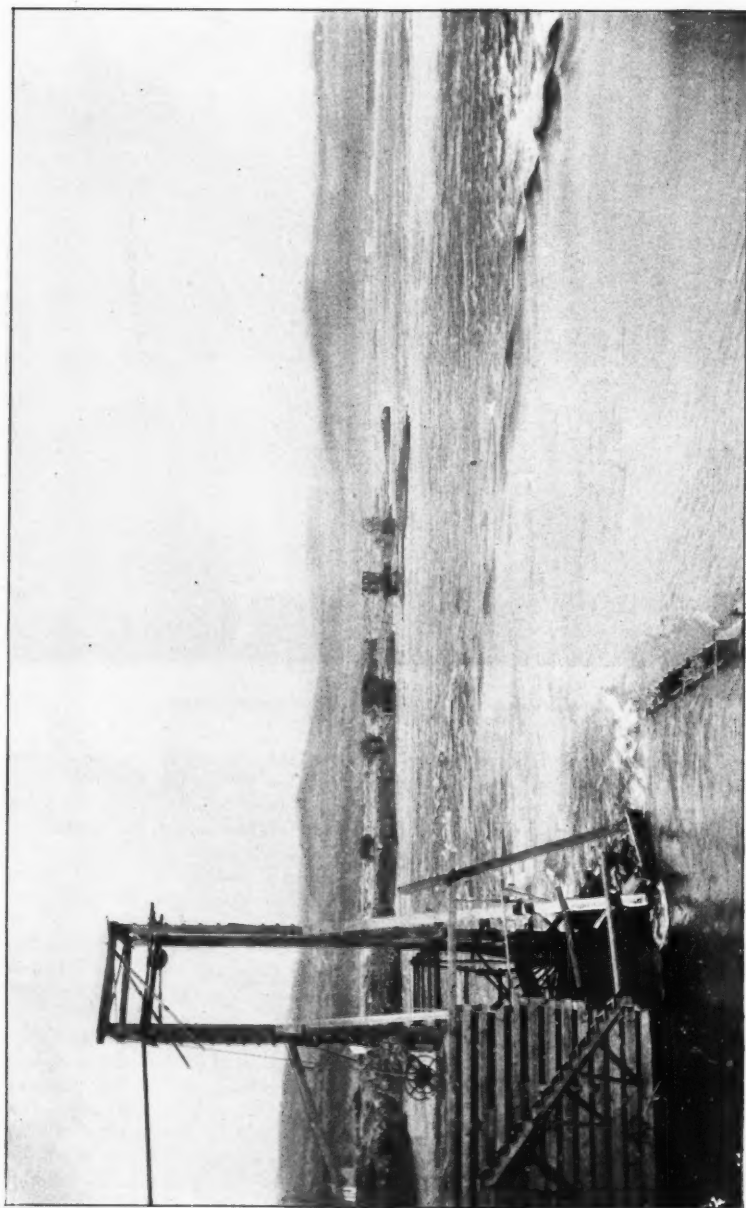
Salmon Fishing—Scow Wheel Trapping Salmon at the Cascades

sons, fishermen never venture, the region being devoted to the sheep, cattle and horse man, and a few hardy farmers.

Directly below the falls of the Columbia is located a colony of fish wheels; and Hell Gate—where for six miles the river literally stands on edge and rushes and roars through a narrow rocky tunnel—is dotted with wheels. Along the Hell Gate the wheels are built in the rocky cliffs which form the bank;—built wherever there is a counter current or eddy, and in places several enterprising fishermen have created the required eddies by the building of jetties of rock. The salmon is an energetic fellow and has no objection to ascending rapids and leaping small falls but he prefers to save his strength whenever possible and for that reason takes advantage of all

eddies and favorable currents when making his way up the tortuous river. The fish wheel owner has long since discovered this weakness of the salmon and every natural eddy is now the site of an innocent looking fish wheel, where the unsuspecting salmon are dipped out automatically by the ton.

There are a good many wheels along the Hell Gate and two good views of them are given in the accompanying illustrations. The cut shows a cannery, one of the largest along the river, and the towers of two of the fish wheels can be observed beyond the cannery buildings. The wheels and cannery are on the Oregon side of the river. Across the river is Klickitat County, Washington, peopled by a well-to-do farming community. This county has never been tapped by that advance guard of



Salmon Fishing—An Eddy in the Columbia River, in which are Built Four Fish Wheels

civilization and wealth—the railroad. In the distance (the same illustration) are shown the Klickitat Hills. It will be observed that this is a region where the country is treeless and rolling. However, six miles west the forest commences, and the mountains, rising to a great height, are covered with a dense growth of fir, cedar, and other woods. The Klickitat Hills every spring demonstrate what a blessing is the famous Chinook wind to Eastern Oregon and Washington. One may get up in the morning and see the hills and the surrounding country covered with snow. In the forenoon a warm wind will spring up and by night the hills will be covered with streams of running water caused by the melting of the snow, and a day or two later a vision of green will greet the eye instead of the sea of white. On the other side of the Klickitat Hills is the fertile Swale valley, lined with substantial farmhouses and populated by comfortable farmers. A short distance northward is the town of Goldendale, numbering a few hundred people, and charmingly located. Here the only excitement experienced is the occasional advent of a barn-storming company, or a temperance lecturer, and the daily arrival of the stages from The Dalles, twenty-eight miles away, and the stage from Grant's Station, eleven miles.

Another illustration gives a somewhat imperfect view of an eddy in the rapids, with a fish wheel in the foreground and three others further down, while in the distance, on the same side of the river, nestles the thriving little city of The Dalles. This is a town of 4,000 people and is one of the oldest settlements in the Far West. It was first a Hudson's Bay outpost and later the government established a garrison there, built houses and stationed soldiers. The people like to recall the incident that when General Grant was only a lieutenant in the army he was stationed at The Dalles. The old army post buildings—or rather those that have not been destroyed by fire—are still standing on the forsaken site in the

grove of bull pines on the outskirts of the city. The Dalles is the shipping point for a great area of interior fruit raising, agricultural and stock producing country, and is one of the wealthiest towns of its population in the West. It is picturesquely located on the sloping banks of the river, five miles below Hell Gate, and it is the dividing line between the regions of sand and sage brush on the east, and the forests of the Cascades on the west. Riding up the Columbia River from The Dalles, either by boat or rail, one can travel for hundreds of miles through a low rolling country of volcanic ash, hardly a green thing being in view, except where the art of irrigation has been employed—and it has been employed with wonderfully successful results wherever and whenever attempted. Going down the river, west, the scene changes. The ride by steamer is sublime. The river is broad and placid, occasionally dotted by an island, and on either side the mountains rise abruptly to heights of from three to six thousand feet and are densely timbered. When Henry Villard took his excursionists through the West in honor of the driving of the last spike of the Northern Pacific Railroad, he came up the river to The Dalles by boat, and his guests were both surprised and delighted. Since then the latest contrivance in the catching of salmon—the fish wheel—has been inaugurated and the trip offers more inducements to the visitor whether he be a seeker for pleasure or otherwise.

From The Dalles to the Cascades, where the mighty stream tosses and pitches for seven miles, it is a distance of fifty miles. Here is the little town of The Locks, so called because the government is building at this place an elaborate system of locks to enable steamers from the lower Columbia to ascend the stream to the upper Columbia. Several million dollars have been expended on these locks and they are not yet completed, although they have been under construction for about twenty years. On both sides of the river at



Salmon Fishing—Salmon Cannery Below Hell Gate. Klickitat Hills in the Distance

this point the banks are lined with fish wheels and traps and there are several large canneries. It is estimated to be 108 miles from The Locks to Astoria and the latter place is the realm of the seine fisherman, fully 3,000 men making a living here by landing the wily salmon. The Columbia at Astoria is about fifteen miles wide and at evening the broad expanse of water is dotted with hundreds of sails—the fishermen's catboats. While Astoria has no communication with the outside world by rail it is a wide-awake, thriving town and supports several lively newspapers.

The construction of a fish wheel is a comparatively simple matter. Those wheels—stationary ones—built in the solid rock, of course cost considerable money, some individual ones costing several, even many, thousand dollars; but it does not require a great outlay of capital to put together a scow-wheel, such as is shown in two of the cuts.

These scow-wheels are moved up and down the river at will, according to the different stages of the water, wherever a convenient eddy appears. The wheel consists of three great scoops of wire netting, open on the outer side and coming to a point at the hub. At the hub and inside each scoop, or bucket, as they are usually called, is an incline of boards made into the shape of a "V," having a dip of about three feet. That is all there is to the wheel. The current of the river turns the wheel at a moderate speed and the salmon, swimming up the stream, do not see the wire netting and swim on until the bucket, coming up, scoops them in and they are caught—lifted out of the water. The salmon struggles and kicks but the wheel turns on and the fish is lifted until he drops to the hub, strikes the incline and slides into a chute at the side of the wheel. A connecting trough carries him to the deck of the scow. If it be a stationary wheel the chute drops

the salmon into a pit. To prevent the salmon from bruising himself in his dying struggles men are on hand to dispatch the unfortunate king of the river by a blow in the head with a club.

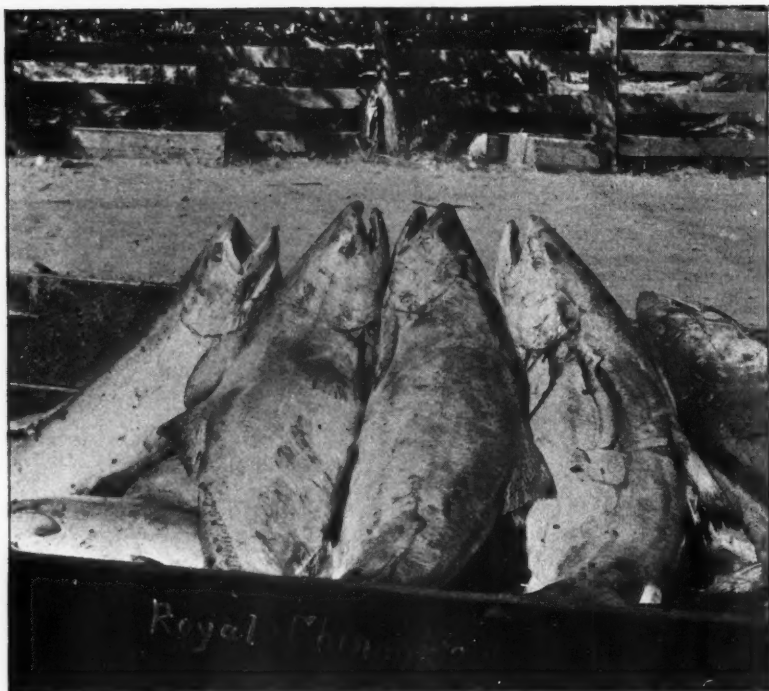
One of the accompanying cuts shows two steelhead salmon in one of the three scoops of the wheel. They have just been caught and the wheel is lifting them out of the water. A second more and they will slide through the chute into the trough and to the deck of the scow, which is already covered with fish. An idea of the work of a fish wheel can be gained from these cuts. All a man has to do is to tie up his boat in an eddy and then sit down and smoke. If he does not occasionally unload the accumulating catch from the scow the boat will sink from the sheer weight on the deck. When the river is rising and the water is muddy the salmon "run" better; they are more active and cannot see very far through the water and consequently do not fear danger. The average Chinook salmon is as wary as the most timid mountain trout, but he cannot escape the fish wheel.

The cry has many times been raised that such wholesale slaughter of salmon, made possible by the introduction of the fish wheel, will in time result in the species becoming extinct, but the wheels have been used for a good many years now and last year the catch was one of the largest on record, the salmon seeming more plentiful than ever. The open and close season is rigorously enforced for it is argued that as long as the salmon are given a chance to spawn they will not disappear. The great numbers of salmon in the Columbia River has given rise to numerous stories and one tradition has been handed down—one that every person living anywhere near the Columbia River has many times heard. The story goes that at one time many years ago, when the earth was somewhat younger than it is now, the run of salmon was so great that they became packed in the river, just above the Cascades, forming a living bridge

from bank to bank. They were crowded together like sardines in a box, their silvery sides sticking several inches above the water. The Indians were wont to take a mean advantage of the fish by amusing themselves in riding over the imprisoned salmon on their ponies from one side of the river to the other. The fish finally became packed so hard that the Indians, when desiring a meal, would go down to the river and cut out a square of salmon wherever it pleased them best to cut, just as a man would cut ice out of a lake. However, this is only a tradition and is not believed by any one, not even the wheel fishermen, and they tell most outlandish stories in support of their contention that the presence of wheels do not threaten the extinction of the finny tribe.

As can be readily understood, the best of feeling does not exist between the seine fishermen and those who catch the salmon in wheels and by traps. The wheel fishermen of the middle Columbia, nearly all of whom are wealthy, for they make money rapidly when they make it at all, do not have any dealings with the seine fishermen, for they do not come in contact with them, but in and about Astoria it has been a continual war to the knife between the three different classes. In 1890 the Columbia River fishermen had a genuine battle between non-union fishermen and trapmen, a few steamboatmen taking a hand. For some time the net fishermen had been at war with the steamboatmen, the fishermen alleging that the steamers plying between Portland and Astoria had repeatedly and intentionally run into their seine at night, tearing the netting to pieces and ruining their business thereby. Several instances came to light where steamers had torn netting to pieces at night, but the captains alleged it was dark and they could not see the seines.

Then a general strike between the union men and the canneries was inaugurated, and the union men alleged



Salmon Fishing—Royal Chinook Salmon from the Columbia River

that the steamers aided the non-union men and the canneries by running down the seines of the union men, but this could not be verified. However, one morning a battle ensued with revolvers, shotguns, and Winchesters. Some said that one hundred shots were exchanged, while other placed the number of shots at thirty-five or forty. The battle took place at St. Helen's, half way between Portland and Astoria, and the next day steamers brought several wounded—about ten in number—to Portland and they were placed in the hospitals. It was reported that five or six were killed outright, and it is still believed that the total number of killed and wounded was never ascertained by the authorities. For several weeks after the shooting it was exceedingly dan-

gerous for strangers to happen along the river where the fishermen held out. The wounded men who recovered would not tell anything about the circumstances connected with the tragedy, and the real participants and the details of the affair are not known to this day. Nearly all of the wounded were foreigners.

In April of the present year another quarrel broke out near Astoria, but fortunately there were no fatalities. One day several hundred seine fishermen chartered a steamer, hired a brass band, and cruised about the river tearing down fish traps while the band played. Most of their depredations were confined to the northern, or Washington, side of the river, and the aspect was so serious that Governor McGraw called out three

companies of militia from Seattle and sent them to the scene of the difficulty. While no more depredations have been committed the militia is still on duty at the mouth of the river, and have been there since April 9. The calling out of the militia to protect the fishermen of the Washington side from the depredations of the fishermen from the Oregon side, became, by the way, a subject for Washington city military correspondence. It appears that the militia occupied Sand Island, near the mouth of the river, but the Oregon fishermen objected and called attention to the fact that the island was a government reservation. The War Department being duly notified, ordered the militia to vacate.

There are several varieties of salmon caught in the Columbia but the Chinook is regarded as the royal fish. He is the king of salmon and frequently specimens are caught weighing over sixty pounds each. The past year has been an eventful one in the history of the salmon industry. The sum total of its operations has exceeded that of any previous year since 1884, as the following table, taken from the annual report for the year 1895 of State Fish and Game Protector McGuire, of Oregon, shows:

Year.	Weight Utilized.	Cases Packed.	Value.	Av'ge Case.
1866 ..	260,000	4,000	\$64,000	\$16 00
1867 ..	1,170,000	18,000	288,000	16 00
1868 ..	1,820,000	28,000	392,000	14 00
1869 ..	6,500,000	100,000	1,350,000	13 50
1870 ..	9,750,000	150,000	1,800,000	12 00
1871 ..	13,000,000	200,000	2,100,000	10 50
1872 ..	16,250,000	250,000	2,325,000	9 30
1873 ..	16,250,000	250,000	2,250,000	9 00
1874 ..	22,750,000	350,000	2,265,000	7 50
1875 ..	24,375,000	375,000	2,250,000	6 00
1876 ..	29,250,000	450,000	2,475,000	5 50
1877 ..	24,700,000	380,000	2,052,000	5 40
1878 ..	29,900,000	460,000	2,300,000	5 00
1879 ..	31,200,000	480,000	2,640,000	5 50
1880 ..	34,450,000	530,000	2,650,000	5 00
1881 ..	35,750,000	550,000	2,475,000	4 50
1882 ..	35,184,500	541,300	2,600,000	4 80
1883 ..	40,911,000	629,400	3,147,000	5 00
1884 ..	40,300,000	620,000	2,915,000	4 70
1885 ..	35,997,000	558,800	2,500,000	4 51
1886 ..	29,152,500	488,500	2,135,000	4 76
1887 ..	23,140,000	356,000	2,124,000	5 97
1888 ..	24,211,005	372,477	2,327,951	6 25

Year.	Weight Utilized.	Cases Packed.	Value.	Av'ge Case.
1889 ..	20,685,495	309,885	1,809,820	5 84
1890 ..	28,781,385	435,774	2,407,450	5 52
1891 ..	26,450,635	398,953	2,240,964	5 62
1892 ..	32,185,995	487,338	2,679,069	5 50
1893 ..	26,974,240	396,680	2,142,112	5 40
1894 ..	33,394,800	491,100	2,651,940	5 40
1895 ..	41,957,280	617,460	3,342,928	5 36
Total	736,730,835	11,213,667	\$65,059,270	65

This total refers to the Columbia River, including both the Oregon and Washington sides. It is segregated for the two sides and for the spring and fall packs and for the different species of fish, as follows:

SPRING PACK—(Oregon Side.)

Species.	No. Cases.	Value.
Steelhead.....	23,399	\$105,295 50
Blueback.....	11,837	68,064 75
Chinook.....	281,858	1,691,148 00
Total.....	317,004	\$1,864,508 25

FALL PACK.

Steelhead.....	3,500	\$12,600 000
Silversides.....	81,084	291,902 40
Chinook.....	31,500	113,400 00
Total.....	116,084	\$417,902 40

SPRING PACK—(Washington Side.)

Chinook.....	155,954	\$935,724 00
Steelhead.....	11,552	51,984 00
Blueback.....	5,776	33,212 00
Total.....	173,282	\$1,020,920 00

FALL PACK.

Silversides.....	11,000	\$39,600 00
Total Oregon side....	433,178	2,282,408 65
Total Wash. side....	184,282	1,060,520 00
Grand total.....	617,460	\$3,342,928 65

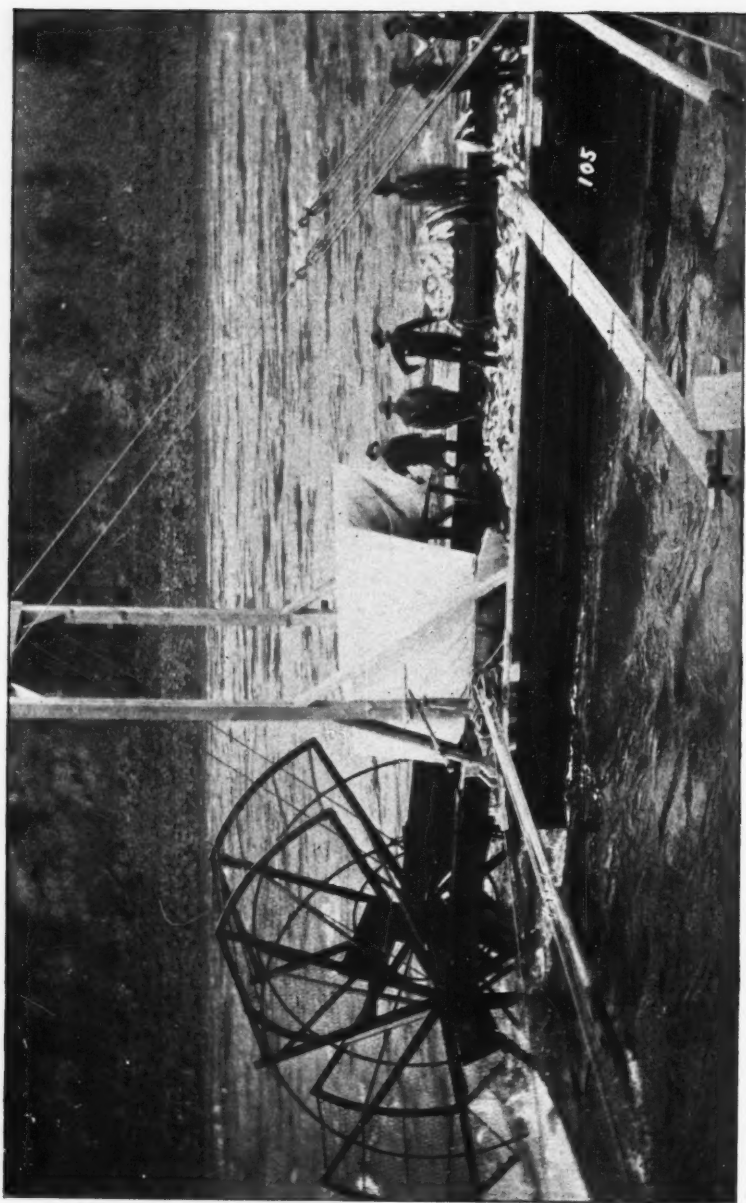
In the State of Oregon, outside of the Columbia River, the following amounts of salmon were packed in tins:

SPRING PACK.

	Chinook.	Value.
Rogue River.....	11,000	\$66,000

FALL PACK.

	Ekulba Black.	Silver-sides.	Value.
Nehalem River	1,007	5,293	\$22,680 00
Siuslaw River	2,200	6,352	30,787 00
Coquille River.....	1,265	8,203	34,084 00
Umpqua River.....	1,100	6,200	26,280 00
Tillamook Bay.....	1,000	4,000	18,000 00
Alsea Bay.....	1,675	3,325	18,000 00
Coos Bay.....	1,500	5,500	25,200 00
Total.....	9,747	41,873	\$185,832 00



Salmon Fishing—One of the many Wheels. Observe the two Salmon just above the Water in the Wheel.

RECAPITULATION.

Columbia River—		
Spring—	Cases.	Value.
Oregon side.....	317,094	\$1,864,506 25
Washington side....	173,282	1,020,920 00
Fall—		
Oregon side.....	116,084	417,902 40
Washington side ..	11,000	39,600 00
Total...	617,460	\$3,342,928 65
Coast streams and bays....	62,620	251,832 00
Grand total.....	680,080	\$3,594,750 65

COLUMBIA RIVER PACK BY SPECIES.

	Cases.	Value.
Chinook.....	457,812	\$2,626,872 00
Blueback.....	17,612	101,274 75
Steelheads.....	34,951	157,279 50
Silversides.....	92,084	331,502 40
Fall Chinook.....	31,500	113,400 00
Fall Steelheads.....	3,500	12,600 00
Total.....	617,460	\$3,342,928 65

From Protector McGuire's report, also it appears that in Oregon and on the Oregon side only of the Columbia River, the following number of men were employed and wages paid:

Employed.	No.	Av'ge. per Man.	Amount.
Factories.....	1,574	\$196	\$308,504
Gill nets.....	2,528	247	624,416
Seines.....	296	244	83,244
Pound nets.....	228	312	71,136
Steamers.....	26	258	6,708
Sloops.....	12	304	3,648
Wheels.....	80	225	18,000
Fishing for fresh for wholesale shippers ¹ and local trade....	200	180	36,000
Manuf. salmon cans.	100	320	32,000
Manuf. boxes for canned salmon....	145	270	39,150
Miscellaneous.....	60	224	13,440
Total.....	5,349		\$1,236,246

OTHER INFORMATION.

(Exhibit refers to Oregon, and to Oregon side only of Columbia River.)

Value of apparatus—		
	No.	Value.
Boats.....	1,236	\$192,050
Steamers.....	4	12,500
Sloops.....	12	3,000
Piledrivers and scows.....	27	16,780
Gill nets.....	1,331	289,300
Pound nets.....	125	93,200
Seines.....	38	19,000
Wheels.....	32	53,500
Dip nets.....	52	163
Horses used on seines.....	148	14,800
Total.....		\$694,293

Factories in operation—

	No.	Value.	Cash.
Columbia River.....	14		
Williamette.....	1—15	\$562,500	\$573,000
Nehalem River.....	1	10,000	5,000
Siuslaw River.....	2	20,000	20,000
Rogue River.....	1	30,000	35,000
Coquille River.....	2	16,000	10,000
Umpqua River.....	1	5,000	7,000
Tillamook Bay.....	1	15,000	10,000
Alsea Bay.....	1	10,000	10,000
Coos Bay.....	1	10,000	30,000
Total.....	25	\$678,500	\$700,000

Auxiliary and allied factories—

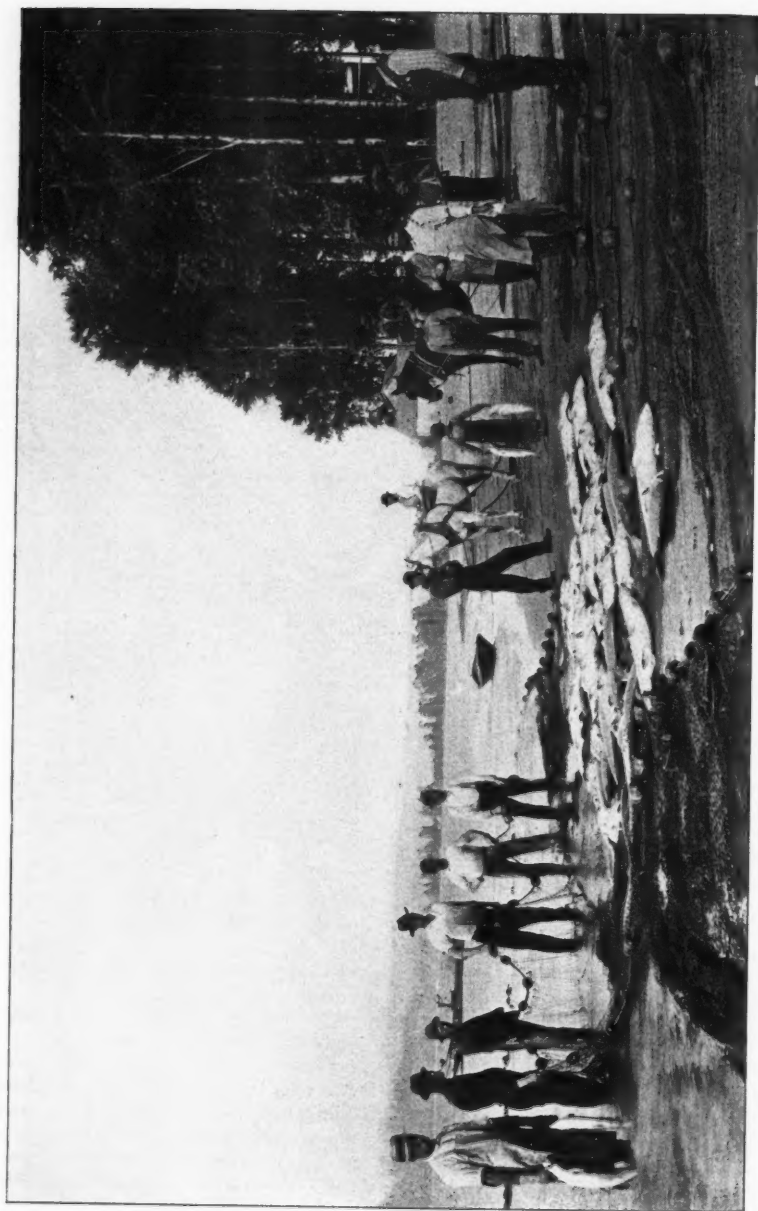
	No.	Value.	Cash.
Oil and Fert. from offal.	1	3,500	10,000
Salmon can manu.....	1	85,000	51,000
Salmon box manu.....	2	100,000	60,000
Clam cannery.....	1	2,500	7,500
Total.....	5	\$191,000	\$127,500
Grand total.....	30	\$869,500	\$827,000

Statistics of local consumption—

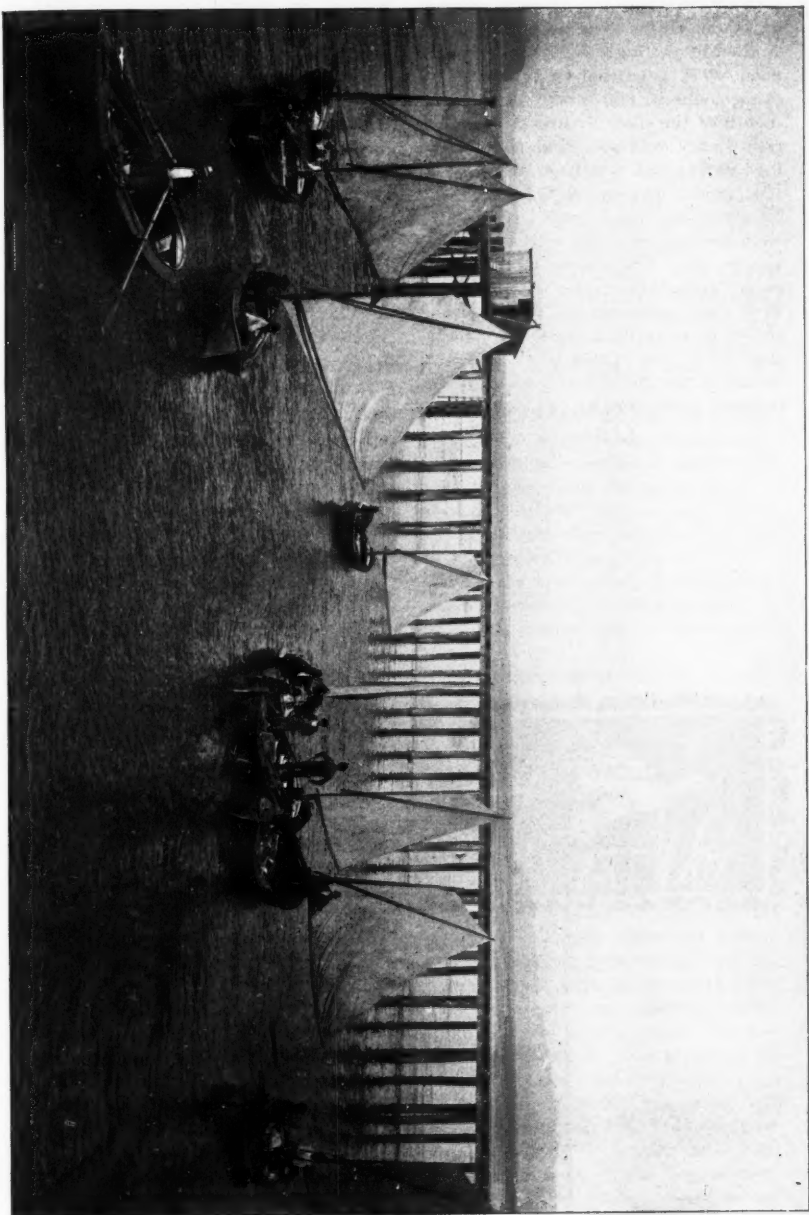
Variety.	No.	Pounds.	Value.
Salmon.....	5,197,600		\$8163,564
Sturgeon.....	1,673,413		81,774
Caviar.....	94,420		14,655
Smelts.....	545,800		9,682
Shad.....	165,800		4,252
Tom Cod.....	57,200		1,998
Catfish.....	116,000		3,470
Oysters.....	578,800		16,900
Clams.....	175,800		9,795
Redfish.....	21,600		800
Halibut.....	1,094,000		41,150
Cod.....	100,600		3,920
Trout.....	29,300		1,675
Herring.....	2,000		60
Isinglass.....	1,100		1,045
Fish oil.....	160,000		5,000
Fish fertilizer.....	250,000		3,750
Clams, canned (100 cases)....			900
Total.....	10,263,433		\$364,390

The Portland *Oregonian*, commenting recently on Mr. McGuire's report, and referring to the newly established Clackamas River hatchery, had the following to say:

"Some 3,000,000 eggs have been taken at this hatchery, and much benefit is expected to result from the distribution of the fry thus obtained. The large salmon run of the present season is ascribed to the large output of fry distributed in our waters in 1891, the distribution from the Clackamas station that year being the largest in its history, or 4,902,000. This shows a decided gain over the



Salmon Fishing—Astoria Fishermen's Luck



Salmon Fishing—Group of Seine Fishermen just above Astoria

pack of 1894 (491,000 cases, as against 617,000 in 1895). The pack of 1894 was swelled by the high water of that year's flood, such condition being known to attract unusual numbers of fish into the mouth of the river by reason of its extraordinary volume. Had it not been for this unusual condition, the pack of 1894 would unquestionably have been decidedly smaller, as only 2,766,000 fry were distributed by the Clackamas station in 1890. These facts may be mere coincidences, but it is far more probable that they substantiate the accepted theory of scientific students of salmon, that these fish return to their native waters at the age of four years. Under ordinary conditions as to height of wa-

ter, etc., we should expect next year a diminution in the pack, as the year 1892 saw only 1,332,000 fry turned out in the Clackamas River. Comparisons cannot be safely made with previous years, for the reason that the number of fishing appliances have so increased as to render calculations valueless. That is to say, the amount of fish entering the River might be actually less to-day than in 1887, for example, and yet more may be taken, because of the greater activity in the fishing operations. That salmon can be eliminated from streams history affords ample evidence; and the value of artificial propagation is equally well demonstrated by such operations as those of Mr. R. D. Hume in Rogue River."



A CONVENTION OF TRAVELLING MEN

BY HARRY Z. GRIFFIN

THERE is a little button of blue and white, bearing the letters "T. P. A.," that is now worn in every State of the Union. It is of importance because it is the insignia of an organization that in the past six years has grown from an association with a trivial membership until now it has become the largest social and commercial organization of travelling men the world has ever known.

The Travelers' Protective Association of America, popularly termed the "T. P. A.," was originally organized in 1882, but for several years it had a precarious existence. On May 30, 1890, ten well known St. Louis travelling men decided to reorganize in a businesslike manner, and one of their first acts—that of incorporation under the laws of Missouri—was an indication of the new life that had entered into the association and which has since marked its rapid progress.

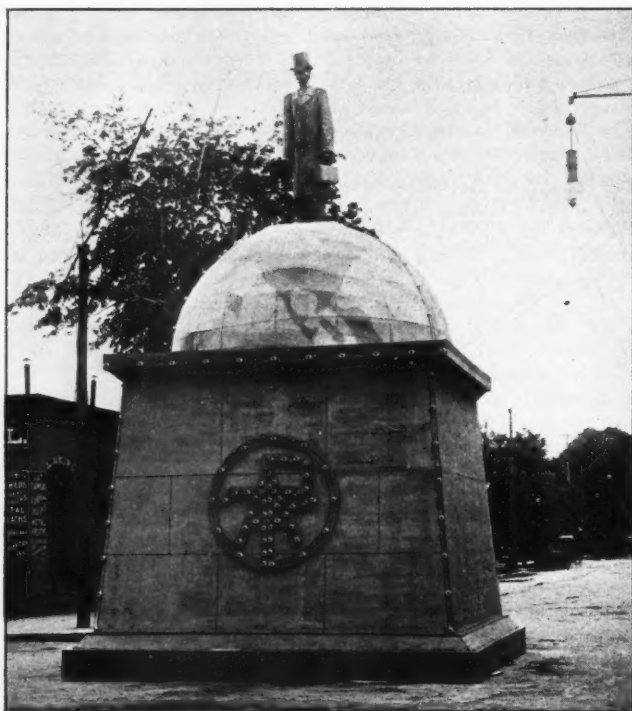
The main objects of the T. P. A., as outlined in the new articles of association, are to bring about a better acquaintance and more fraternal and binding feeling between persons engaged in the business of commercial travellers and in the buying and selling of merchandise at wholesale, and to that end to secure from hotels and all transportation companies just and equitable rates for commercial travellers as a class; to further elevate the social and moral character of the members of the association; to establish hospitals, if necessary, for the sick and the disabled, the one great object of the association being to create and establish a fraternal, beneficial association that would not be an organization for pecuniary reward or profit.

The ten men who, guided by wisdom and foresight, were able to outline so excellent a plan for organization and work, were Messrs. George S. McGrew, Murray Carleton, Louis T. LaBeaume, H. C. Gottfried, John C. Wilkinson, Joseph Trauer, C. H. Wickard, George E. Walker, L. A. Browning, and A. W. Houck.

The constitution outlines the following as the conditions for membership: "Any white male person of good moral character, not under the age of eighteen years or over sixty years, engaged as a commercial traveller as buyer or seller for a wholesale or commission house or manufacturers, or dealer, importer, commission merchant or manufacturer, is eligible to membership in this association."

The membership conditions thus admit not only active travelling men, but also their employers, this being one of the few organizations in existence in which employers and employees find many common interests. By this means the association is also given the advantage of retaining in its membership all travellers who have graduated from the "grip."

The general business headquarters are located at St. Louis. From the National Association are created the State Divisions, which have the power to grant charters to local organizations, known as Posts A, B, C, etc., in the order of their incorporation. The Missouri Division leads the State Divisions with a membership of over 1,800, with Illinois a close second and Indiana third. Post A., of St. Louis, has 1,575 members, making it the largest post. Post G, of Terre Haute, comes second



T. P. A. Convention in Terre Haute, Ind. Electric Statuary—"The Globe his Field"

with 412 members, ranking above Chicago, which is third with a membership of about 400.

One of the important benefits of the T. P. A. is the accident insurance feature. The annual dues are \$10 and for this sum the members are entitled to all of the privileges of the association and in addition thereto receive a weekly indemnity of \$25 in case of accidental injury from any cause, or in the event of accidental death \$5,000 is paid to the heirs. The National Association has since 1890 paid in weekly indemnities and death benefits over \$150,000.

In a commercial way the association has also been able to achieve much. It has succeeded in obtaining from the Su-

preme Court of the United States a decision declaring that all license or occupation tax charges imposed by State or municipality are contrary to the Constitution of the United States and are restrictions upon commerce between the States, thereby freeing all commercial travellers everywhere from fine, arrest and imprisonment or the payment of insufferable and outrageous licenses for the privilege of selling goods in States and cities. At one time this license law was in effect in fifteen States and Territories and in hundreds of towns and cities, but, thanks to the T. P. A., it is to-day an unknown quantity in the United States.

It has succeeded in securing an



Members of the Convention Executive Committee of the Travelers' Protective Association

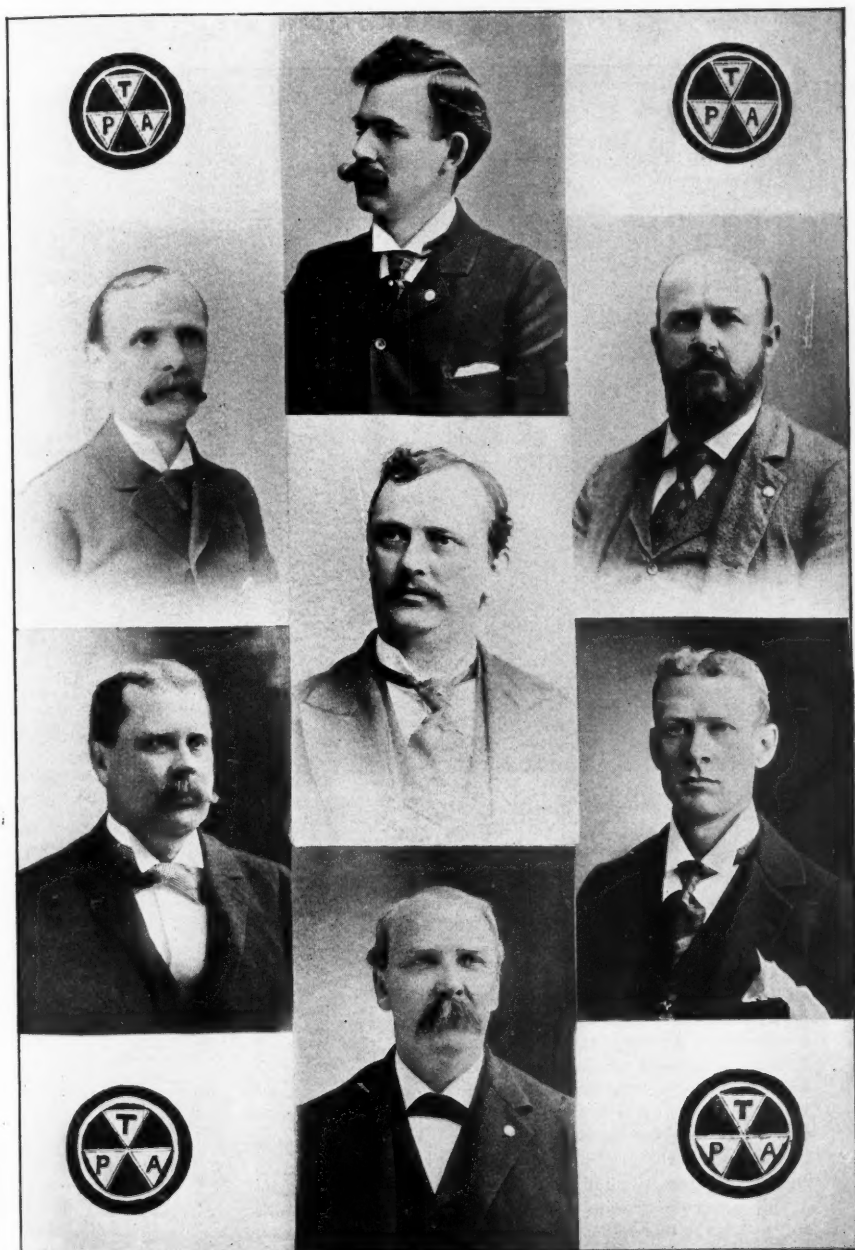


T. P. A. Convention in Terre Haute, Ind. Electric Statuary—"The Union of the North and South"

amendment to the Interstate Commerce Act permitting railroad companies to issue interchangeable mileage books and to allow with all mileage books, interchangeable or otherwise, extra or excess weight of free baggage beyond the regulation 150 pounds allowed. It is hoped that the ordinary 1,000 mile book will now be replaced by an interchangeable 5,000 mile book, sold at two cents per mile, and guarded from local use through the ticket scalpers by means of photographic identification features and other restrictions that will confine the tickets to the use of the original purchaser and protect the local traffic of

the railroad companies. If this is done there may be averted a bitter period of warfare between the commercial travelers through the T. P. A. and the railroad companies. Among the concessions obtained from the railroads is a week-end ticket, that is, a ticket good going on Saturday and returning Sunday or Monday morning from within a radius of one hundred miles, for one fare for the round trip.

In the list of National officers are four chairmen of committees whose duties are of special importance. These are at the head of the national railroad committee, national hotel committee, na-



National, State, and Convention Officers of the T. P. A. Convention, Terre Haute, Ind.

Louis T. La Beaume, St. Louis,
National Secretary and Treasurer.

George S. McGrew, St. Louis,
Charter Member and First Nat'l Pres.

Charles R. Duffin, Terre Haute, Ind.
Chairman Convention Executive Com-
mittee and National Director.

John A. Lee,
National President T. P. A.
Isham Sedgwick, Richmond, Ind.,
President Indiana Division.

John J. Shuttleworth,
President Post G, of Terre Haute, Ind.

H. A. Pritchett, Terre Haute, Ind.
Secretary Convention Executive Com-
mittee and Chairman Convention
Press Committee.



T. P. A. Convention in Terre Haute, Ind. Electric Statuary — "On the Road"

tional legislative committee and national press committee. The legislative committee has presented in Congress a bill to establish a new member in the President's cabinet to be known as the Secretary of Commerce, who shall promote and protect internal commercial interests and also look after our foreign commerce. Another bill before Congress is to provide for an appropriation of \$250,000 to erect a suitable legation building in the City of Mexico for the use of the ministerial and consular legation. It is said that such a building and evidence of friendship on the part of our government would have the effect of largely increasing our trade with Mexico.

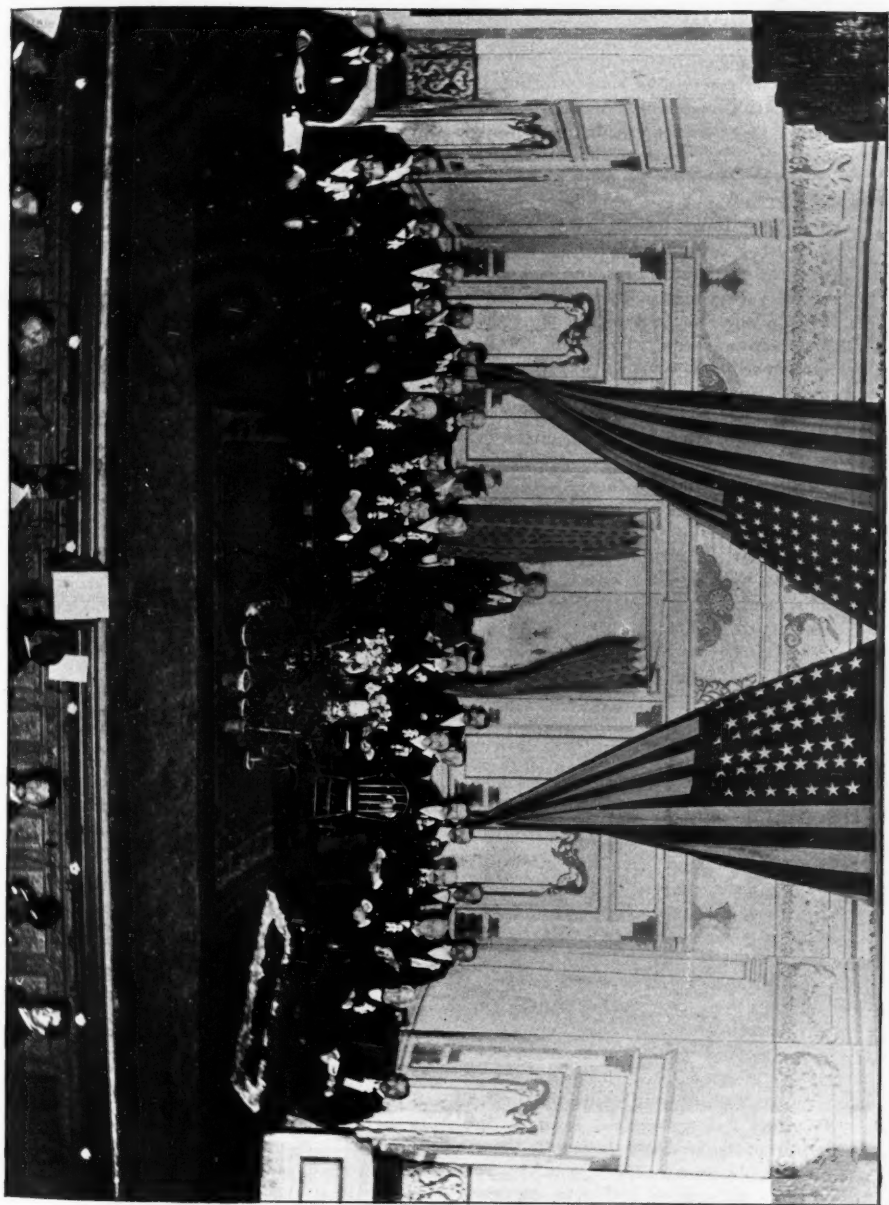
Travellers have found the importance

of the national hotel committee through the courtesies that have been shown them where they have worn the T. P. A. button. Improvements in hotel service have been secured and recently more than one thousand hotel proprietors have agreed to make no charge for sample rooms and for fires in rooms occupied by members of this association.

The employment department at St. Louis furnishes to employers lists of first-class, reliable commercial travellers who are out of employment or who desire to change from one line or territory to another.

The association has earnestly and persistently indorsed and advocated a national bankrupt law.

But forgetting the commercial value



Scene on the Stage at the Opening Session of the T. P. A. Convention, Terre Haute, Ind.

(From a flashlight photograph)

of membership in this great organization there are few members who have not received many times the return of their membership fees in the pleasure and profit received by a wider acquaintance with the members of their profession. Few persons outside of the ranks realize the full sense of the term, "a fit of the blues," as does he who for days and often weeks at a time is away from home and those friends who are truly interested in his welfare. It is then that the little button of blue and white with its three mystic letters, worn in the lapel of the coat, proves to be more than an Aladdin's lamp. The little disc has introduced thousands of travellers and made friends when they were most needed. Then to the member of a live Post who "cannot spend Sunday at home this week" there is a partial relief from the sound of those awful words as he drops his grip on the car seat and thinks of the delightful Post rooms at the "town ahead."

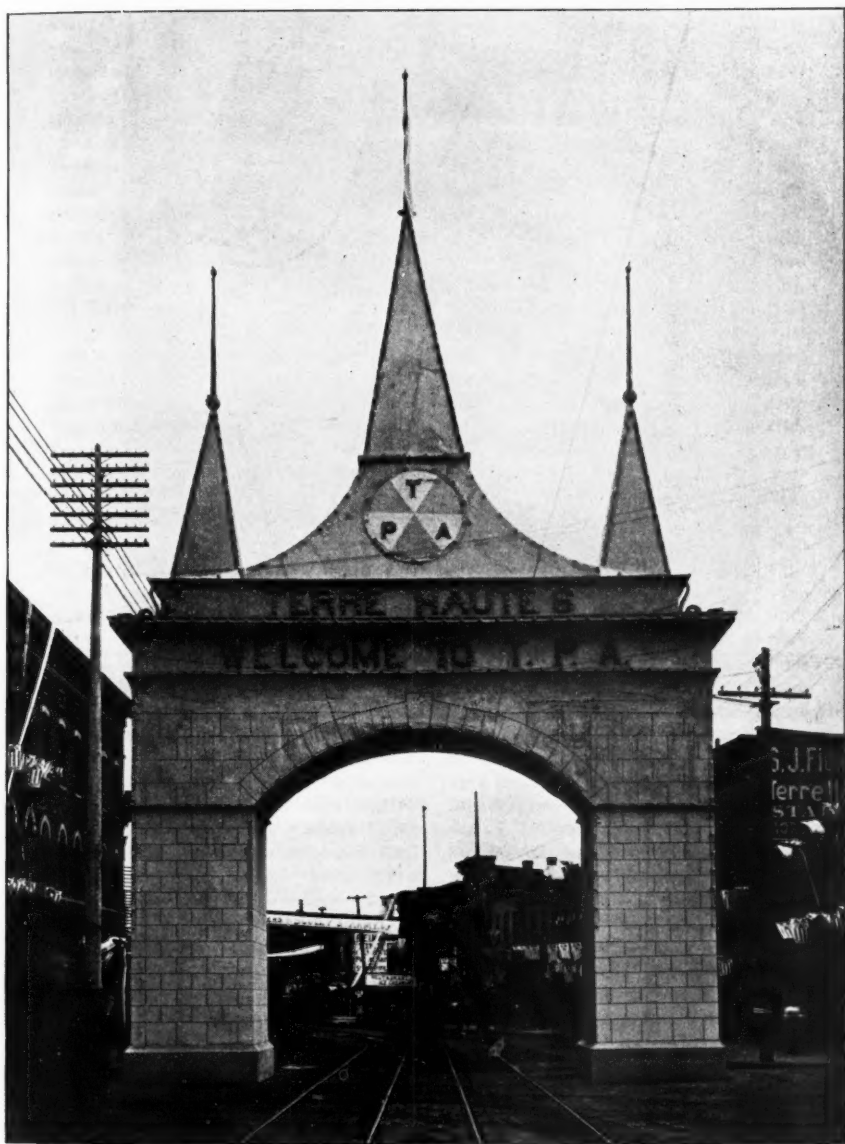
Great numbers of the travelling men now arrange to have their vacations during the national convention of the association, which is held annually in some city of special interest and beauty and is followed by an excursion party. In 1890 the convention was held at Denver, Col., where Mr. George S. McGrew, of the firm of George D. Barnard & Co., of St. Louis, was elected national president. Mr. McGrew was one of the founders of the reorganization and to the services he rendered during the three years of his presidency is due much of the prosperity of the order. The convention of 1891 was called to order in Little Rock, Ark.; the following year it was at the historic resort of Old Point Comfort. In 1893 the delegates were hospitably entertained at Peoria, Ill., the convention being followed by an excursion to Chicago with the closing exercises in the Missouri Building on the World's Fair grounds. John A. Lee, editor of the *St. Louis Interstate Grocer*, and an old time traveller, was this year elected to succeed President McGrew,

who desired to retire from the presidency. In 1894 the convention went to Milwaukee, Wis.; and the following year to San Antonio, Texas, where the delegates from Terre Haute, Ind., succeeded in obtaining the convention of '96. A beautiful souvenir presented to the delegates of the convention by the Terre Haute members was an illustrated booklet entitled, "Terre Haute of To-day."

Post G of Terre Haute, whose members this year proved themselves to be genuine hosts, has had a remarkable history. It was organized March 19, 1892, with sixty-nine members, the largest charter Post ever organized, and went into the State convention forty-three days later with 131 members. When it was a year old it had 303 members, which at that time was the largest membership of any Post in the United States.

The Terre Haute Post has one of the handsomest suites of rooms in the city, consisting of an elaborately furnished reception room and parlor, assembly room and billiard parlor. During the entire year preceding the convention the members of Post G looked forward to the event and the many novel methods of entertainment and the interesting features presented during convention week were the crowning successes of earnest efforts.

The seventh annual national convention began on Tuesday, June 2, and continued until the afternoon of Friday, June 5. Monday was observed as reception day, when the larger number of delegates arrived, although the Pennsylvania division, which was first on the scene, reached the city on Sunday. Committees from Post G met the incoming trains at stations several miles from the city and telegraphed the number of delegates. Arriving at the city carriages were taken to the clubrooms of Post G., the Terre Haute Club House and the hotels where committees of ladies extended a welcome on behalf of the city to the travelling



T. P. A. Convention in Terre Haute, Ind.—The Electric Arch of Welcome.

men and visiting ladies, many of whom accompanied their husbands and brothers to the convention.

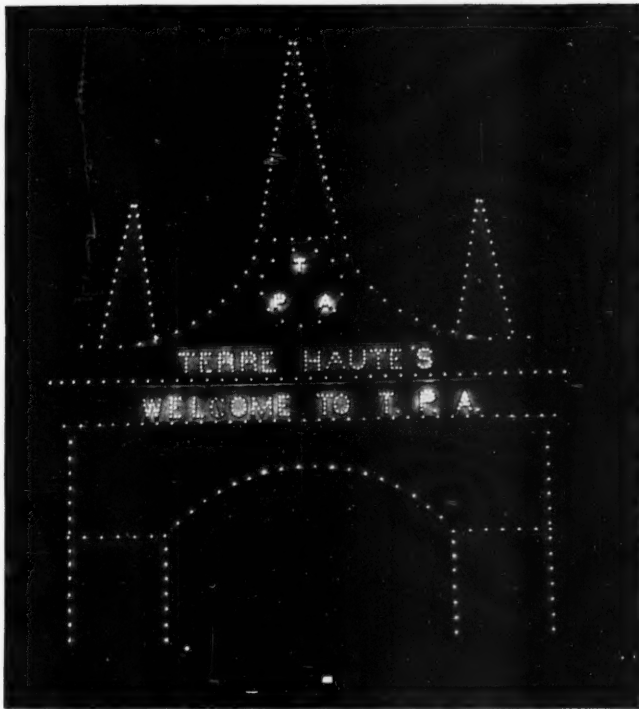
The decorations of both the business and residence portions of the city were wonderful, because of their number and the variety and beauty of the designs. Thousands of the T. P. A. flags were displayed, together with national flags, while the word "Welcome" rippled in bunting and flashed from electric lights. An American flag, 39 by 69 feet, said to be the largest in the country, was loaned to the city by E. O. McCormick, general traffic manager of the Big Four Railroad, who has been a constant friend of the travelling men. An arch, beautifully proportioned, measuring eighty-five feet to the top of the central flag-staff, and thirty-eight feet between the outer base lines, spanned Wabash Avenue, the city's principal thoroughfare. It contained the inscription: "Terre Haute's Welcome to T. P. A." and, in the crown of the arch, the T. P. A. emblem. At night the arch was illuminated with almost a thousand electric incandescent lamps, all of pure white, making the beautiful structure appear as if built of crystal, and forming one of the most gorgeous electrical displays ever seen in the State. The lamps on the emblem were controlled by an automatic switchboard by means of which the letters "T. P. A." were illuminated in succession, and on the fourth change appeared together. Vanishing lights in T. P. A. monograms were also seen on the bases of three enormous pieces of statuary, which adorned prominent street intersections. These pieces measured thirty feet to the top of the bronze statuary, and represented three facts in the commercial world: The world as the travelling man's territory; the travelling man on the road with grip and mileage book; and the union of the North and South, as brought about largely by the influence of the travelling men, who have spread the sentiments of peace and prosperity through commercial inter-

course. The base of the latter piece contained, in addition to the large T. P. A. monogram, two brilliant electrical devices that as they revolved blended into harmonious blazes of light and color.

Suspended from an elevated tramway on one side of Wabash Avenue was a travelling man's grip, illuminated with electric lights, bearing the ever-present T. P. A., and by means of electric power travelled back and forth the length of the block in which were located the convention headquarters.

The electrical decorations were under the supervision of Russell B. Harrison, son of ex-President Harrison, and president of the Terre Haute Street Railway Company.

At half-past ten Tuesday morning the opening session of the convention was held in Naylor's Opera House, with delegates present from the four corners of the nation, from Massachusetts to Texas, and from Washington to Florida. The illustration is from a photograph of the stage, taken by flashlight at the beginning of the session. On the platform were seated many of the distinguished men of the T. P. A., the city and the State. The opening ceremony was the T. P. A. hand-shake, being a unique fluttering of the hands of the delegates as they arose to their feet. This "shake" was frequently given by the convention to speakers or members whom they desired to honor. In a grand chorus the travellers sang "Nearer My God to Thee," and then listened to a fervent prayer by the national chaplain, Rev. Alonzo Monk, of Macon, Ga. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Mayor Fred A. Ross, on behalf of the city, and Governor Claude Matthews, on behalf of the State, with responses by Isham Sedgwick, president of the Indiana division, and Hon. John A. Lee, the national president. Hon. William E. McLean extended the greeting of the business men of Terre Haute. Hon. John S. Harwood, chairman of the national legislative com-



T. P. A. Convention in Terre Haute, Ind.—Photograph of the Electric Arch at Night

mittee, and a member of the Virginia Legislature, delivered an eloquent address, entitled, "Foot-Prints of Time," which referred to the advancements in the commercial world. The voice of Hon. R. W. Thompson, the "Grand Old Man of Indiana," rang with eloquence as he spoke from personal knowledge of "Commerce, its Transition from 1830 to 1896." "The Drummer, Old and New," was a unique and humorous address by the Hon. Jerry M. Porter, of Paducah, Ky.

Tuesday afternoon, while the delegates were engaged in a preliminary business session, the visiting ladies were entertained by the Terre Haute ladies, at the Terre Haute Club. At night was the grand illuminated street

pageant, composed of delegations of T. P. A. men, military and uniformed companies, bands of music, and eighteen allegorical floats, designed and built by John H. Wilson, a scenic artist of Indianapolis. The most elaborate of these floats were those representing "Indiana," "Morning," "Music," "Nymphs of the Sea," "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "After the Battle," "The South Befe' the Wah," "Venus," "King Cotton," "Princes of the Orient," and "Night." Other features were the displays by the city fire department and the Wabash Cycling Club.

Wednesday the ladies enjoyed a carriage drive to points of interest, and an exercise in gymnastics by classes in physical culture, at Coates College for

Women. Meanwhile the delegates were interested in listening to reports from the various State presidents, which told of the growth and activity of the T. P. A. throughout the thirty-two States in which, on May 1, there were 10,816 members. President Max Robinson, of Georgia, attracted special attention by tendering a report in rhyme, after the reading of which he was made poet-laureate of the association. During the forenoon session the convention listened to an eloquent greeting from the South by Homer I. Wilson, of Fort Worth, Texas. In the afternoon the annual reports of the national officers were submitted, after which the convention went into executive session to act upon the report of the national railroad committee. Wednesday night an entertainment was given at the Opera House in honor of the delegates.

Thursday morning the convention again went into executive session for the further consideration of the railroad committee's report. No statements were made public, but it is understood that the delegates will do active work to influence the members of the various State Legislatures to enact laws compelling a general passenger rate of two cents per mile, similar to the existing laws of New York. The delegates were disappointed in not getting the low rates to the convention that they had expected, and during the convention expressed a bitterness of spirit toward the railroad traffic associations, whose actions with regard to rates, the T. P. A. asserts, materially reduced the size of their delegations at the conventions. Heretofore, in its continued fight for two-cent rates, the T. P. A. has simply asked for the concession on 5,000 mile books, but now a two-cent rate will be agitated for the travelling public in general. On convening again in open session the revision of the constitution was brought up, and with the consideration of the proposed amendments ensued a lively session. There were many able arguments advanced,

and numerous occasions for the application of all of the technicalities of parliamentary rules; but the proverbial good humor of the travelling men would not allow harsh words, and the delegates conducted themselves in a manner creditable to a legislative body. Many of the amendments referred to the business administration of the association, and were of little interest except to the members. Spirited discussion followed the presentation of a provision that travellers injured while working with machinery, or while riding a bicycle, should receive but one-half the indemnity as provided in the constitution. The amendment was voted down, and the bicycle declared, by one delegate, to be "the motive power of the nineteenth century," to legislate against which would establish a precedent for the flying machine.

With much regret the directors proposed an amendment that would allow only actual commercial travellers to join the association, excluding in the future the manufacturers and wholesale dealers. This step seemed necessary in order to comply with the insurance laws of Illinois, although the travellers were reluctant to exclude their employers, whose counsel and co-operation has been greatly beneficial to the organization. The matter was finally referred to the national officers, with full power to act, but fortunately a new amendment, incorporated the following day, left this motion inactive, and the association will continue to foster equally the patronage of employer and employee.

The delegates had this day entered into continuous session, not to adjourn until the business of the convention was completed, but it was now long past the noon hour, the amending of the constitution was not half disposed of, and long afternoon and evening programmes of entertainment had been arranged by the citizens. Business or pleasure was the question before the convention. A decision was

brought about in an unexpected manner. H. I. Drummond, vice-president of the Drummond Tobacco Company at St. Louis, and one of the directors of the Missouri division, arose and stated that if the delegates would accept the invitations of the city he would personally defray the expenses of the entire convention for the extra session. This is one example of many of the kindly feeling which the manufacturers of the country have for the T. P. A.

The afternoon entertainment was a programme of field sports at the fair grounds, one of the features being a basket ball game for the championship of the State, between Terre Haute and Crawfordsville, in which the Terre Haute Y. M. C. A. team won the undisputed State championship. Other events were exhibition and time races by bicyclists and trotting horses around Terre Haute's famous "2:01 1-2 race course."

In the evening a grand reception and ball was tendered to visiting delegates and ladies, at the Terre Haute House and adjoining pavilion. The souvenir programmes pictorially represented the city's growth from Fort Harrison, in 1812, to the Terre Haute of to-day.

At Friday's session an address on "The Drummer's Wife" was delivered by Rev. H. I. Wilson, of Texas, who eulogized the American home. The most important amendment added to the constitution is one which invests the national directors with power to make a special assessment whenever the condition of the finances may require it. This action was important, because the insurance laws of many States, particularly of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois made it illegal for the association to solicit members until this clause was inserted in the constitution.

The election of officers brought forth

a number of eulogistic speeches in praise of Hon. John A. Lee, of St. Louis, who has served as national president with marked ability for three years, and to whom probably more than to any other one man is due the present success of the association. Mr. Lee was unanimously re-elected. National Secretary and Treasurer Louis T. La Beaume, of St. Louis, and three national directors,—John J. Knight of Dallas, Texas, C. H. Wickard of St. Louis, and W. A. Kirchoff of St. Louis, continue in office until next year. The remaining officers elected at the convention were: First vice-president, Joseph Wallerstein, of Richmond, Va.; second vice-president, William H. Heegaard, of Chicago, Ill.; third vice-president, L. C. Cardinal, of Montgomery, Ala.; fourth vice-president, George F. Burchard, of Little Rock, Ark.; fifth vice-president, Alexander Kunze of Portland, Ore.; national directors, Carl M. Aldrich, of Peoria, Ill.; Ernst Robyn, of St. Louis, and Charles R. Duffin, of Terre Haute; chairman national railroad committee, E. E. Smith of Atlanta, Ga.; chairman national hotel committee, Benjamin F. Hoffman, of Lafayette, Ind.; chairman national legislative committee, Hon. John S. Harwood, of Richmond, Va.; chairman national press committee, J. M. Benish, of Houston, Texas; chairman national employment committee, Hoyt A. Winslow, of Fond du Lac, Wis.; and chaplain, Rev. Alonzo Monk, of Macon, Ga.

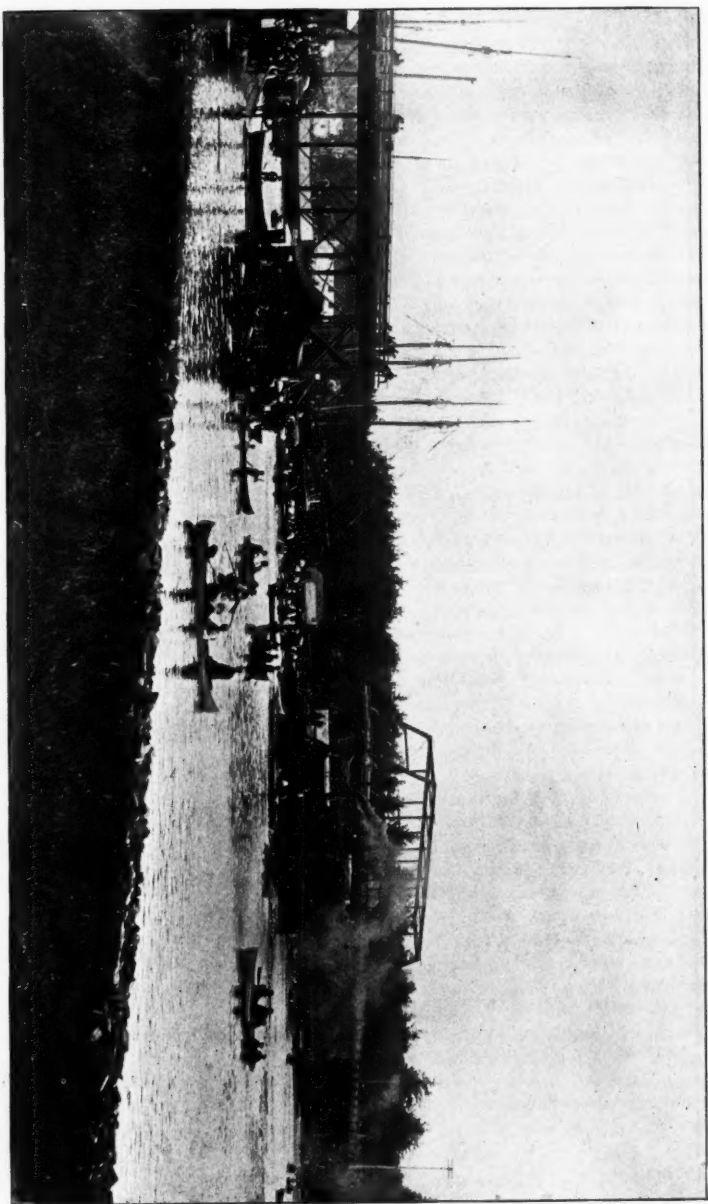
After the report of the committee on resolutions, Sergeant-at-Arms Aloys Jacobs presented his hoop pole (emblematic of Indiana), the delegates united in the T. P. A. hand-shake, and the convention adjourned, the delegates to assemble next year in Nashville, Tenn.

THE BRIDGE DISASTER AT VICTORIA, B. C.

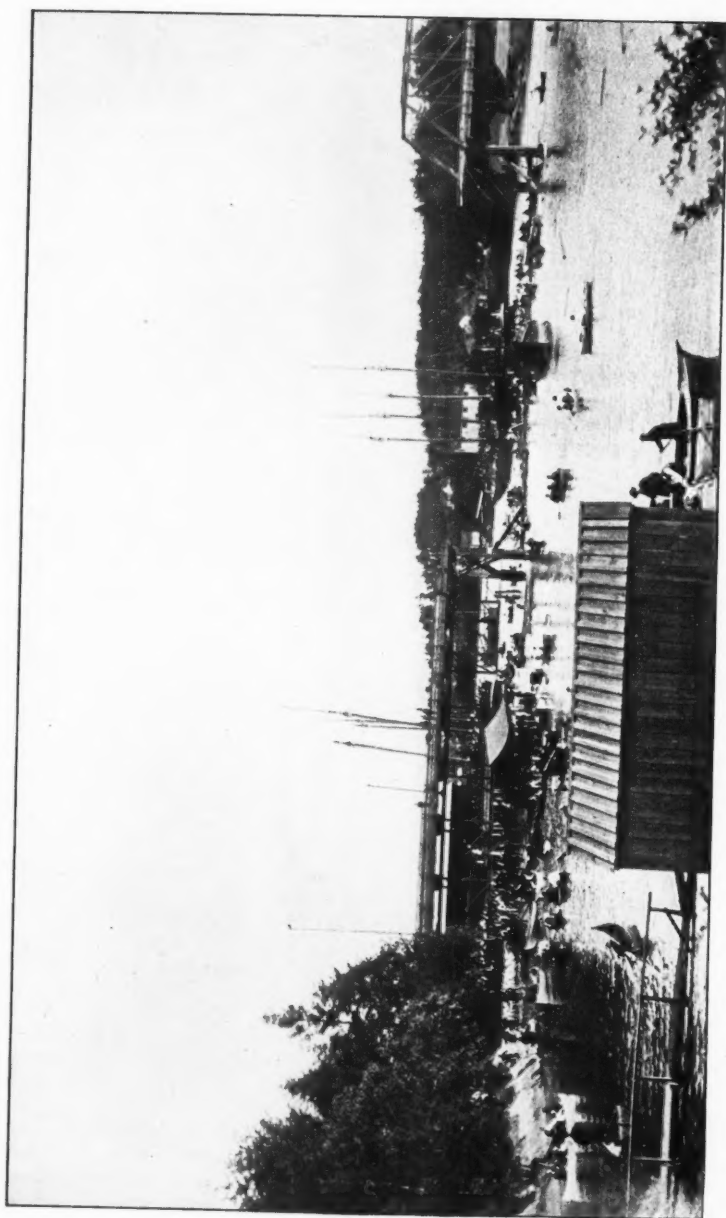
By C. H. GIBBONS

THE bridge disaster at Victoria on the afternoon of May 26, which came as an abrupt and terrible termination to the carnival of sports arranged by the citizens of the British Columbia capital in honor of the birthday of their Queen, will pass into history as the most shocking catastrophe of the kind since the collapse of the Tay River bridge many years ago. Fifty-five lives are known to have been sacrificed in this recent calamity, and, most sad of all to relate, this wholesale slaughter of men, women, and little children cannot be accepted as an accident in the true sense of the word, inasmuch as the civic authorities had been repeatedly warned by persons competent to pass an opinion, that the bridge which gave way under the weight of the car crowded with pleasure-seekers, was rapidly becoming unfit for service, and could not be expected to sustain the extra pressure of giving passage to the multitude who would naturally cross over it on their way to witness the sham battle at Fort Macaulay that was to have been the crowning feature of the celebration. Even on the morning of the disaster, Captain William Grant, whose home is at the city end of the broken bridge, telephoned to the City Hall that the structure was shaking badly with every car passing over it. "If you don't do something quickly," he said, "the whole thing will give way, and you'll have a frightful loss of life to be responsible for." He was assured that the bridge would be attended to in good time, but nothing was done, and as a result scores of homes are to-day desolate, and the emblem of mourning is everywhere to be seen in the afflicted city.

Car No. 16, which carried so many to a sudden and terrible death, was the largest and best equipped of the rolling stock of the Consolidated Electric Railway Company, and had a seating capacity of forty. It was the heaviest car in the company's service, with a weight of seven tons, and was the one which three years ago, while carrying a crowd of Queen's birthday holiday-makers to Esquimalt, caused the bridge to give upwards of four feet. On that occasion Harry Talbot, who was conductor on the last trip of the fated car, and whose mangled body was recovered two days after the disaster, acted as motorman; it was owing to his presence of mind in turning on full current that the tragedy was not enacted three years ago. Naturally one would think that the authorities would have profited by that warning, and made the bridge doubly secure. They did nothing more, however, than put in a few extra braces, and refloor the structure, which was never designed for street-car traffic, and should never have been called upon to bear it. It was a combination wood and iron affair, spanning Victoria Arm at a high tide depth of four fathoms. The two Whipple truss through spans were each 150 feet in length, and not in any way connected by strong metal, while leading to them were two Pratt truss deck spans of 120 feet each, and 105 feet of wooden approaches, making the total length of the bridge 645 feet. The superstructure was supported by five Cushing piers, each pier being formed by two clusters of piles, surrounded by an iron cylinder of quarter-inch plate, the interstices being filled in with broken stone, and grouted with cement mortar. For the service for which it



The Bridge Disaster at Victoria, B. C.—View of the Wreck a few Hours after the Bridge Fell



The Bridge Disaster at Victoria, B. C.—Recovering the Dead and Rescuing the Living

was originally designed, when built by the San Francisco Bridge Company for the Provincial government in 1885—carrying the ordinary pedestrian and vehicular traffic between the city and Esquimalt—it was quite sufficient. When the fatal demonstration of this fact came, one of the long spans simply gave way. The great beams went down, and the car with them. There are no jagged timbers, no twisted iron, to tell of strong resisting force. The thing could scarcely have been cleaner done if the bridge had been cut away at both ends of the span with a giant saw.

On the fatal 26th, Car No. 16 left the City Post Office at ten minutes to two, Car No. 6 in charge of Conductor Mason being just in advance. The leading car passed over the bridge in safety though it oscillated somewhat more than usual, but had barely reached the other side when those on board heard a crash and saw the big car behind go down, while the agonized moans and cries of its passengers rang in their ears. The catastrophe was witnessed by scores, for the streets were crowded with visitors and citizens all intent on pleasure, and the rescue work commenced immediately, the crews from the neighboring shipyards arriving with boats in time to save many of those struggling in the water. The Misses Drake, daughters of Hon. Justice Drake of the British Columbia Supreme Court, also lowered a boat with the quickness of thought and at the risk of their own succeeded in saving seven lives. Nor were others less conspicuous in deeds of heroism—for eighty-seven passengers live to tell the story of their awful experience, though fifty-five are no more.

There was absolutely no panic. As soon as the first boatloads of rescued reached the near-by shore volunteers were ready to receive them and intelligently commence the work of resuscitation. The residence of Captain Grant

was most convenient and within an hour its every room was given up to some one apparently drowned but over whom willing workers labored persistently to bring back vitality. There was no confusion, no wailing, no shirking of duty, no distinction of persons or position. The enormity of the disaster had levelled all class barriers and the highest in the land bowed with the lowest to the common grief, all uniting their efforts in the work of mercy. During the entire afternoon Captain Grant's green lawns were strewn with bodies removed from the water, and over each three or four strong-hearted men and women labored until hysterically exhausted, when they resigned their places to other volunteers. The ambulance corps of the Royal Navy, which had been in attendance at the scene of the sham battle three and a half miles away, hurried to the bridge at the first intimation of the disaster, while one company of marines from the new forts arrived in time to lend valuable service to the rescuers.

As soon as they were satisfied that no hope remained, the medical men in command of the rescue had the many bodies removed by wagonfuls to the city market, which was for the occasion made to do duty as a public morgue, the city deadhouse being entirely too small to meet the demands upon it, and there all through the terrible night came those who had lost friends or relatives to claim them among the silent dead. The scenes there enacted were if possible more pitiful than at the bridge itself. Several families were utterly extinguished, while in one residential block fifteen homes next morning bore the emblem of mourning. The catastrophe has come upon British Columbia as a paralysis; it will be many months before the province recovers its normal tone.

THE REWARD OF BRAVERY

BY ARTHUR W. TARBELL

HE had known what it was to be happier. Perhaps that was all that could be said of him, for he was now sadly alone in the world.

A cripple—bah!—how the peasants in the little French village of St. Constantin hated him. How they shrugged their shoulders and hissed between their teeth the words, "*L'Idiot—canaille*" at the sight of his ugly, deformed body moving along the road, swinging on his two wooden crutches. He had seen better days,—yes, but where? No one knew; no one cared. No one even troubled themselves to think how old he was getting, or to remember the fact that he had not always lived in St. Constantin. Now he was the jeering-stock of the village. The dogs barked at him as at some strange beast, the women from their doorways watched him crawl by with an expression of contempt on their coarse faces, and the men, when they got the chance, heaped upon his poor, ragged form all manner of ridicule and abuse. But the children—ah, they loved him. It was because he was kind and good, though nobody knew it but them. They nicknamed him "*Le Pauvre Bossu*." An odd, unnatural sort of affection they bore him, yet this love was perhaps the one happiness his life contained. That and flowers, for he loved them also.

He lived on the outskirts of the village, near the ruins of the old chateau, in a wretched little hut that the peasants, in a moment of charity, had offered him years ago. Here he troubled no one, and bore with pathetic patience the scorn that the misfortune of his life brought upon him. Each Saturday morning he hobbled down to the village market to get his weekly pittance of food, and when he started

to return he would be followed by a string of children, all laughing and romping at his side, and all anxious to help "*Le Pauvre Bossu*," by carrying his bundles. From May to September, when the weather was warm, they would go all the way back to his little home, and together they would spend the long summer afternoons in the shade of the castle ruins, listening enchanted to the stories he told of distant countries, and of terrible wars. And then, when the sun had quite set, they would scamper home again, and tell their mothers all about these wonderful stories. But the parents would laugh, and with a sneer say:

"War—what does he know about war? He,—'*L'Idiot*.' Bah!—he never saw a soldier."

And then would follow a scolding for running away to the chateau, and for listening to his nonsense,—stories he had made up out of his foolish pate. More often it would be a whipping. But these chastisements were as nothing compared to their love for the hunchback. The next week the offence would be repeated as if nothing had happened.

Sometimes, instead of listening to his stories, they would help him with his flowers in the little garden-patch behind the hut; and then again, more often still, their bright faces might be seen crowded about him beneath the dingy roof of his miserable shanty, watching him carve with infinite care the little wooden crucifixes which he used to sell for a few francs to passing travellers.

It was by this last occupation that "*Le Pauvre Bossu*" was saved from becoming a beggar. Tourists who came to see the old chateau never went away without carrying with them one of

these little crosses, and as the chateau was situated but a short distance from the main coach-road between Vienna and Tournolles, such visits were not by any means rare. Indeed, as time went on, it came to be the recognized thing for travellers on the way to Italy to stop at St. Constantin and purchase a crucifix. And thus jealousy was added to the ill will with which the neighboring peasants regarded the hunchback.

Thus the years slipped away. In time a railroad was built from Lyons to Chambery, and the old coach-road to Tournolles was abandoned. Tourists no longer went that way, and the moss-grown floors of the chateau were seldom, if ever, disturbed by the footsteps of strangers.

And "Le Pauvre Bossu,"—what became of him?

On one Saturday morning in the winter time, when the snow was thick upon the ground, "Le Pauvre Bossu" was not seen at the market-place. It was the children who missed him. They waited a week to see if he would come the next Saturday, but he did not appear.

And then at the end of still another week some of the men, more to please the children, put on their greatcoats and tramped out to the chateau to see what had become of "L'Idiot."

The door to his hut was locked. They broke it open. A ghastly sight met them on the threshold. On the floor in one corner of the room lay the rigid, misshapen form of the hunchback. Some snow that had drifted in through a crack in the wall partially covered the body. His deformed limbs were contracted in a frightful position; one could scarcely believe that it was a human being. The suffering must have been terrible.

Then one of the men moved into the room.

"Dead as a dog,—and a good rid-dance, too!"

A second said, "His money is all gone. We should have had to support him. Bah!"

"Canaille," muttered a third as he kicked the corpse.

The force of the kick sent the body rolling over on its back. As it did so, something fell on the floor.

One of the men stooped to pick it up. *It was a Cross of the Legion of Honor!*

The men looked each other in the face and remained speechless. What could it mean? They bared their heads as if they had been in the presence of the Emperor himself. Then they searched further, and found some papers and a little piece of red ribbon.

They read the words "*Reward—bravery—Emperor—Austerlitz.*" They read them again, and still a third time. Then slowly they realized that they saw lying before them the body of one who had been a *soldier of the Empire.*

The next day they buried him, carefully, tenderly, with the intensity of the love that had been denied him in life. The entire village was present, and they laid him away beneath the walls of the old chateau, with all the pomp and solemnity of which their simple lives were capable. In one hand they placed the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he had won at the cost of being a cripple, and in the other hand was placed the Cross of Christ, a still greater victory which he had won only to be despised by men.

To-day, were you to visit the little village of St. Constantin, the children would take you by the hand and lead you to his grave. And you would find it covered with flowers, all beautiful and sweet. And as you stood there, you would feel a tiny hand tremble in yours, and you would hear a little sobbing voice at your side say:

"He used to love these flowers—'Le Pauvre Bossu.' Mamma told me so."

"MISS LIZ'BETH"

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

"GO 'long ringin' dat bell, go 'long, Judy's so deaf dis mawnin', she can't heah nuffin'. S'pose I'se gwine to hop up eb'ry minit en git hot biscuits fer you when I knows how you's bin treatin' uv Miss Liz'beth? Not much, sah. Not much.

"Er sty on er eye! Shucks! Dis nigger knows er sty when she sees un, en dat ain' no sty. Hit's er bruise. Hit's whar somebody's done hit lil Missy, en Judy knows who dat somebody is well enuf. Hit ain' allus de niggers what mistreats deir wives. Hit's white men sometimes wid sof' white han's en black hearts. So go 'long er fingin' dat bell. Nobody's payin' no 'tenshun ter you.

"Hit's mighty convenient ter be deaf onct in er while. Judy knows dat well enuf. She 'members de berry day she instituted dis habit ob deafness. Lord, but Miss Liz'beth'd bin bossin' 'roun' scan'lous dat day. Hit wus 'Judy do dis' en 'Judy do dat' tell ef Judy'd done eb'ry ting she'd bin tole ter do, she'd er run her ole legs plum off.

"By-en-by she sud'nly concluded ter git deaf, en deaf she got. Deaf ez er post, couln'n' heah nuffin'.

"Purty soon Miss Liz'beth she come flyin' inter de dinin'-room, en says, 'Judy, run up stairs quick en git my scissors,' but Judy couldn' heah er bressed word, not er bressed word. Den heah come Miss Liz'beth right out in de kitchun whar Judy sets kamly peelin' pertatoes, en cries out, mad ez fire, 'Judy, didn' you heah me tell yer ter go upstairs en git my scissors?' en she looks et me peelin' pertatoes so innercent like, en she frowns all ober her purty lil face, caze Miss Liz'beth won' stan' no foolishness frum niggers,

Miss Liz'beth won'. She done bin raised in de Souf whar niggers has ter walk er chalk line, I kin tell yer.

"'Did yer call me, Miss Liz'beth?' says I, ez innercent ez yer please. 'Yer mus' scuse me. I can't heah ez well ez I use ter.'

"Den her purty face took on sich er sweet an' tender look, dat Judy felt shamed ob dat lie, en when Miss Liz'beth goes on upstairs fer her scissors herse'f, dis nigger calls herse'f all sorts ob names fer foolin' dat darlin' chile like dat.

"Miss Liz'beth's awful sassy en impident tho', awful sassy en impident. Lord! Didn' she actually hev der impidence ter come right out heah in dis kitchun whar, ef ennybody's boss, Judy is, en boss aroun' like mad.

"'Look heah, Judy,' she says many er time, 'Hump yourse'f 'roun' heah, you lazy t'ing, en clean up dis kitchun. Black dat stove, shine up dem kittles. Git down on yer knees en scrub dat flooh. Yer can't do nothin' wid er kitchun flooh wid er mop. Don' yer know dat? Look at dese pantry shelves, chuck full ob dust. Clean up dis kitchun dis minit, en let me fin' it shinin' when I come in heah agin, — yer heah me?"

"Den Judy gits so deaf en mulish, she can't heah thunder, en purty soon de butcher knives goes flyin' roun' dat kitchun, caze she's got ter let off steam somehow or odder er die, en hit kinder does yer good sometimes ter see knives er stickin' inter somethin' ef hit ain' nothin' but wood.

"Lord, but Judy gits de debble in her sometimes, en she ain' de only one in dis house what gits de debble in her.

"Pore lil Miss Liz'beth! She ain'

sassy no mo' now. I wish she wuz. Ef she'd come down right now frum dat room whar she's bin laid up fer dats wid dat sty! Sty! Lord, Lord; en rant roun' heah en fa'rly take de place, why Judy'd jes smile en be glad, en hump herse'f 'roun' mighty lively ter please de highfalutin' lil lady.

"Dat bell's quit ringin' et las'. Don' got tired, has yer, ob tryin' ter make Judy heah? S'pose I'se gwine ter wait on er man what mistreats my lil Missy? No, sah.

"Don' yer s'pose I heah her a-cryin' in de night? Don' yer s'pose I know she knows all 'bout yer goings on, en dats what's killin' her? Judy ain' so deaf's she lets on. She done heard 'bout dat odder gurl, en 'bout yer not keerin' fer her no mo'—pore lil Missy! Is dere enny odder gurl what comes up to my lammie chile? Fool man! what can't tell er white lily frum er cabbage rose.

"En she cried en cried, en den yer struck her. Debble! Dat's what yer did, en hit ain' so much de hurt ter her eye ez hit is de hurt ter her heart dat's keepin' her up in dat dark room er grievin' herse'f ter deaf, plum ter deaf, my darlin' lil chile.

"S-h-h! did I heah her callin'? Yes, yes, honey I'se a-comin'. What yer want, Miss Liz'beth, somefin' fer yore pore eye? Yes, hit does look bad, pore lil chile, but hit'l git well by-en-by. You jes lay still, en keep quiet, en keep hit shut, en de bruise'l all come out'n hit purty soon. 'Taint no bruise! Well, nebber min', honey, taint no bruise den. Judy meant de sty'll git well by-en-by. Judy ain' got no sence, ennyhow. She don' know what she's talkin' 'bout half de time.

"Want dis curtain down ter shet off de light? All right, all right. Mus' Judy make yer some nice broth, some nice chickun broth? No? Well, Judy'll make hit ennyhow, en see ef yer won't taste hit jes ter please her.

"What say, Miss Liz'beth? Want Judy ter go an' git some med'cine fer yer? All right, honey, she'll go right

away dis minit. She'll do ennyt'ing de pore chile wants her ter do. Let Judy prop dese pillers up mo' comf't'ble like en den she'll go en git dat med'cine fer ter quiet de lil chile.

"Better write de name on er slip er paper. Judy ain' one ob dose new fangled niggers what knows how ter read en write. Heah, honey, heah's de paper, en heah's de pencil.

"Lil han' so trembly. Pore lil white han'. Nebber min'. Wait er while en Judy'll git de med'cine what'll quiet de chile en make dat lil han' quit tremblin'. Now lay still, my pet, en Judy'll be back in jes 'one minit by de clock.

"I'll shet dis dooh mighty easy. Mebbe she'll drop off ter sleep en sleep tell I git back. Pore lil t'ing! White ez er sheet, en nervous ez ebery'ting. Wait tell I git on my ole bonnet en I'll git somethin' dat'l quiet my pore lam'!

"Is dat you, Rastus? Go 'long now, go right 'long wid yer foolishness. I'se in er hurry, er awful hurry. Miss Liz'beth's sick, en I'se gwine after some med'cine ter quiet her. Come wid me? No, sah. Go 'long wid dat yaller gal what yer wuz gallivantin' wid las' night. Yer ain' fittin' ter go wid a 'spectable black nigger. I'd be 'shamed ter be seen goin' 'long down der street wid sich ez you. Go 'long wid yer, nigger. Ole fool! He needn't t'ink he kin go wid dat yaller gal one minit en me de nex'.

"What say, Mister? 'Who's dis med'cine fer?' Why, fer Miss Liz'beth, ob course. Who'de yer reckon it wuz fer? She's sufferin' frum de nerves, en wants somefin' fer ter quiet her.

"'Mighty strong' did yer say 'don' take too much.'

"Now look heah, I reckon Miss Liz'beth ain' no fool. I reckon she know what she's doin'.

"Some people t'inks dey know ebery't'ing, en dey don' know nuffin'. Tellin' Miss Liz'beth how much med'cine ter take!

"Heah I is honey, en heah de med'cine. Want ter take hit now? Man in

de drug-store say, 'don' take too much,' 'mighty strong,' he say. Want hit all, honey? Well, you knows bes'. Dat jes what I tole him, 'Miss Liz'beth, she know bes', what she 'bout.' 'Taint fer Judy ter say, nor him eider, hit's fer lil Miss Liz'beth ter say what she want en how much she want ter take.

"Now, go down stairs 'bout my work,' did yer say? Well, all right, honey, but Judy don' laik ter leabe yer up heah all by yerse'f. Hit look so kin' er lonesome.

"Go on ennyway,' well honey, well, Judy wont stay ef yer don' want her ter stay. Go ter sleep now. Don' let ennyt'ing worry yer. Judy'll hab eberyting shinin' when yer gits down stairs agin, shinin' laik er new tin pan. Go ter sleep, lil darlin'.

"Now go ter work, nigger. Polish up dem kettles tell yer kin see yer black face in 'em. Shine up dat stove. Clean ebery lil speck ob dust off ob dem shelves. Miss Liz'beth can't bear er speck ob dust ennywhar,—don' yer know dat by dis time.

"Git down on yer knees, yer ole fool, en scrub up dat kitchun flooh wid er scrub brush. You can't clean er kitchun flooh wid er mop. Haint Miss Liz'beth done tole yer dat often nuff fer yer ter know?

"Lord, Miss Liz'beth, is dat you er stan'in' in de doohway?

"Lord, how yer scairt me!

"D'ye want me, honey. Does yer want yer Judy? Wait one minit, jes let me wipe dese ole han's on my apron, en I'll come er runnin'.

"Lord, she's gone 'fore I could look up agin.

"Miss Liz'beth, lil Missy, I'se comin', wait er minit fer me. What yer want, lammie chile, lil lammie chile?

"De room's so dark, Judy can't see er wink. Jes' lemme pull dis curtain up er lil bit, darlin', de room's dark ez pitch.

"Miss Liz'beth, is yer 'sleep, soun' er sleep so quick ez dat? Lil Missy, wake up, wake up, tain't good fer you ter sleep so soun' ez dat. Wake up, lil Missy, en talk ter Judy. Look heah, honey, don' you feel so friendless, you'se got er frien', Judy's yore frien', en she'll stick to yer fro eberyting. She won' let ennybody hurt yer. She'll sleep right heah next ter yer, heah on de flooh, down heah on de flooh, so's ter be neah de chile in de night time. Nuthin' shall ebber hurt yer agin, heah dat, honey? not ez long ez Judy draws de bref ob life.

"Oh, Lord, lil Missy, wuz hit yer spirit I see er stan'in' in de kitchun dooh? Is yer spirit gone out o' yore pore lil body? Oh, no! Oh, no!

"Oh, Lord, oh bressed Lord, am Judy's lil chile dead, en ain' der ennybody ter close dem sweet eyes but Judy? An' dat pore lil nervous han' hit don' quit shakin' now, don' quit forebber. Hit's cole ez ice now, en quiet ez de grave.

"Miss Liz'beth, can't yer heah yore pore ole Judy callin' ter yer ter come back en take her wid yer. Dis ole worl's lonesome now yer gone, my lammie chile! Ole Judy's heart's fit ter break.

"Miss Liz'beth, Miss Liz'beth, come back en take yore ole nuss wid yer! Oh, lammie chile! oh, honey, lammie chile!"

THE SECOND MANAGER

FROM THE FRENCH OF ABRAHAM DREYFUSS

I HAD some business at the — Theatre. If I remember rightly it was a matter of—er— But why should I not avow that I know exactly what it was about? It was to get a manuscript which I had left there a few weeks before.

I arrived just at the moment when the first act of a new piece was ending. The actors were leaving the stage and rushing down the corridors leading to the dressing-rooms, and the manager came behind the scenes, accompanied by two or three people.

I went up to him and told him the object of my visit. He stopped short with: "Your manuscript? Have I a manuscript of yours?"

"Don't you remember? It was that piece which —"

"Oh, yes, of course! The three-act piece. See Roseval about that."

"Roseval?"

"Yes,—I handed a packet to him a few minutes ago. Yours must be among them."

It was the first time that I had heard the name of the personage to whom so much was entrusted. But I was not able to ask the manager any more questions for he at once moved off, saying:

"See Roseval, my dear fellow, see Roseval."

The rising of a wing between us at that precise moment made it impossible for me to follow the manager. I fell back and had a narrow escape of falling over a pile of lamps which had just been set down behind me. At the same moment two carpenters passed me on the right with a big window-sash.

"Look out there," said one of them.

I sprang to the left to give them room, and fell into a fireplace which another

hurriedly brought up on the left.

"Take care where you are going," shouted the man.

I picked myself up and demanded: "Monsieur Roseval?"

But the man was already far away, and it was one of his comrades who replied:

"Monsieur Roseval, the second manager?—Look, there he goes—No, this way, down there. Don't you see the little man with the full beard?"

I went to the individual thus designated. He did wear a full beard it is true, but what a full beard! Gray, thin, and badly trimmed. His face was wrinkled with suffering.

I accosted him with:

"Have I the honor of speaking to Monsieur Roseval?"

"Yes, yes," said he, hastily, "What's the matter?"

"I have come to ask for a manuscript which —"

Monsieur Roseval did not allow me to finish.

"Oh yes, yes. If you will have the goodness to wait an instant —"

Then apostrophizing some one behind him he said:

"Have you rung, Jumeau?"

"Yes, twice."

"Is Madame Albans ready?"

"No, she says that she has not had time enough."

Monsieur Roseval burst out:

"What's wrong with the wretched woman? She begins— Run and tell her that she is keeping us all waiting for her. No, I'll go myself."

And he darted down the corridor. As he disappeared on one side the manager appeared on the other.

"Roseval!—Where the deuce is Roseval?"

Any one hearing that tone would have recognized it at once as the tone of the master. Roseval heard it from a distance and came running out of breath.

"Here, sir! Here, sir!"

The manager, as if to wither up his assistant, drawled:

"Here, sir? Here, sir?"

Then, in an ordinary tone of voice:

"Is this play for to-day or to-morrow?"

His assistant murmured that Madame Albans was not yet ready.

"She would have been ready," retorted his chief, "if you had been awake."

"But, sir——"

"Now, don't stand there talking back, please. Get the thing going without delay."

At this there was a speaking silence; the manager-in-chief passed through a group of players, who bowed respectfully, and entered his room. Monsieur Roseval called: "Curtain!" The curtain rose, and Madame Albans entered.

I had stepped aside.

Roseval seemed to have entirely forgotten my existence. Standing in the wing, with his ears stretched anxiously towards the stage, with one hand he held the knob of the door by which Madame Albans had entered, and in the other the manuscript. He watched the progress of the play with the greatest eagerness.

Suddenly, turning round he observed me, and made a sign to me with the manuscript, which I did not understand. I went towards him.

"Excuse me," he said softly, "I dare not move from this spot at present. I must——"

Without finishing the phrase he threw himself aside and opened the door, through which Madame Albans passed majestically.

As the door closed behind her, the actress exclaimed:

"What a despicable audience! They are as cold as ice."

"You'll make an impression present-

ly, never fear," said Monsieur Roseval, soothingly.

This prediction did not seem to give much satisfaction to Madame Albans.

"I don't care whether I do or not," she said pettishly. "They can remain like ice for all I care—considering what I am paid——"

Then, brusquely:

"I'll warrant you have forgotten my white?"

"No, madame, I have it here;" saying which Roseval drew from his pocket a little packet wrapped in paper, which he gave to the haughty *comédienne*.

But, almost immediately:

"Oh, excuse me, I have made a mistake! Here is your white."

And, taking back the packet which he had first handed to the actress, he said:

"These are bon-bons for my daughter."

"Bon-bons? You are going to spoil your child," said Madame Albans, smiling.

The old manager sighed:

"What can I do when a child is ill——"

"You have a child ill," I interrupted.

"Yes,—my little daughter,—the second. She has had typhoid fever."

"What's that?" broke in some one near us, "who has typhoid fever?"

I examined the person who thus entered into the conversation, and I recognized Floriac. He was standing in a studied attitude in front of the door by which he was to enter.

"I was speaking of my daughter. She has been ill," replied Roseval.

"Is she getting better?"

"Oh, she's a great deal better. The doctor says that she is out of danger now. But he says that I shall have to take the greatest care of her, for a relapse might prove fatal."

"Certainly," said Floriac, sententiously, "you need to exercise the greatest care."

Scarcely had these words left his lips when the young actor started violently with:

"Sapristi! Where is my riding-whip?" And he stamped angrily on the floor.

The manager started, too, evidently through fear:

"Why, has not Lucien given it to you?"

"What makes you ask a question like that? Can't you use your eyes. Can't you see that he has not given it to me?"

Then, turning to me:

"No riding-whip just when I ought to be going on the stage! Oh, what a theatre this is, to be sure!"

The unfortunate youth had not time to get me to share in his trials, for Roseval, who at the first cry had darted into one of the rooms, returned with a magnificent riding-whip. Floriac bounded forward, and, seizing the whip, pushed the door open and entered the stage. He changed his expression with a quickness which was really astonishing, and pronounced these words in a joyful, mocking tone which even yet ring in my ear:

"You weren't expecting me, Madame la Comtesse?"

That was all I heard. Armed with a long iron rod, Roseval gently drew the folding doors together, which Floriac had left open behind him. Then I was alone with the manager in the ante-chamber of the countess.

"You have to look after everything," I said.

"Everything, sir, everything," replied he. "One is not ready, another stays chatting too long and enters late, a third goes on too soon and speaks before he ought to; and, besides, I have the cares of a thousand and one little things, such as the various noises which have to be made. You can see I have my hands full. Just ask the manager. There was quite a difficulty the other day in finding some one to take my place —"

"Did you take a holiday?"

"Holiday! I never take a holiday. I don't know what that is. It was the day my child was dangerously ill.. I

was alone with her; the eldest, who is a milliner's apprentice, had not got back.. So I stayed. I sent word that I crushed my foot; the doctor is a good soul, and he gave me a certificate that such was the case. Otherwise.."

"Don't you think that your daughter's illness would have been considered a valid excuse?"

"Parbleu! The manager has nothing to do with such reasons. What is to be done must be done.. Happily my daughter was much better on the following day; otherwise I should have had to choose between my place and her.."

"And I need my place," he added sorrowfully.

After a few moments of silence I said:

"What is your daughter's age?"

"My eldest girl is fourteen, the second is twelve, and the last, who is a boy —"

Roseval did not finish his sentence.

"Hold!" he broke in, "just as I was telling you."

And, running to a little woman in Breton costume, who was standing a few paces away:

"What are you doing here," he asked.

"I?—nothing. I am only waiting for the time to go in."

"But don't you know that I have told you that you are not to go in at that door? You have to go in through the courtyard. You are in the garden."

The Bretonne looked about her in astonishment.

"Oh dear, oh dear," cried Roseval in despair, "now you can't tell the court from the garden. The garden is over there on the right—now do you understand? On the right."

"Yes, sir."

And she was going to enter.

"Wait. Do you know your cue?"

"I go in when there is a ring."

"That's right. And what do you say?"

"I say: 'A letter for madame.'"

"That's right. Have you the letter?"

The little woman looked at the manager, scared.

"The letter?" she repeated.

Roseval turned pale.

"Haven't you got it?"

At that precise moment Floriac said in loud tones:

"The count scarcely seems to think of writing, madame."

"Now your reply," murmured Roseval.

And as he rung a little bell which he had picked up from a table which was covered with all kinds of knickknacks he turned to me with:

"For pity's sake, give me a letter, a card—any sort of a piece of paper."

I handed a letter which I happened to have with me to him and he passed it on to her with:

"Here you are. Now go in quickly!"

The actress, puzzled, was going to enter on the right, but Roseval, seizing her by the arm held her back, and then pushed her on the stage by the right door.

"She almost managed not to get in at all, and then we should have been in a fine fix. That shows that my presence is not without its value."

"You were telling me about your little boy."

"To be sure. Quite a fine little chap he is. He knows a great deal for his age. He is the first in spelling. And only ten years old. That's good, isn't it? First in spelling and recitation. He recites very prettily."

"His career is already marked out then. You'll make an actor of him, of course."

Roseval shook his head:

"Oh no! Anything but an actor."

"Why, if your boy shows such aptitude—"

"But, monsieur, I too showed decided aptitude."

I could not repress a smile.

"You cannot conceive that," continued the manager, bitterly. "It is true, all the same. I took a second prize for tragedy at the Conservatoire and every-

body thought that I really won the first. And I may tell you that I have acted with Rachel!"

"With Rachel!"

"Not at the *Théâtre Français*, it is true, but in a drawing-room before the best society," saying which, Roseval turned towards a corner where was a kind of little chariot with two wheels. I followed him, and suddenly he seized the shafts of the chariot and began to push it before him like a wheelbarrow, up and down the *coulisse*.

"That is the arrival of the Marquis," he explained. "He arrives in a carriage."

Then, continuing his story, which had thus been interrupted:

"I played tragedy, but as I could not get an engagement at the *Théâtre Français* and I was not offered a good engagement at the *Odéon*, I devoted myself to the drama."

"In which theatre?"

"In every theatre where the drama was acted, and there were many at that time. I was very successful—in fact it was success which lost me."

"How was that?"

"When I had played a rôle which I had created in Paris—that is to say when I had played it thirty times—I had to go and play it in the provinces. Now, you know when you play in the provinces and they spoil you there, you stay too long, naturally, and in the meantime your place in Paris is taken by somebody else. Then as time passes you get married. That's just exactly what I did."

Here Roseval's voice trembled. But he tried to cover his emotion with a mocking tone:

"A love-marriage, my dear sir. Could you believe such a thing possible?"

"Why not?" I said. "Comedians make so many conquests."

"That which I made was an easy one," he went on in a melancholy voice. "The daughter of one of my old friends—an orphan without a *son*. I had done everything for her—educated her, cloth-

ed her, and taught her everything that I knew, and at last one day I asked her to be my wife—unfortunately."

"She is dead?"

The manager looked at me fixedly for a few moments before replying:

"No. She left me."

Upon which he seized a piece of cloth which was hung against the decorations and shook it several times.

"That is a good imitation of thunder, isn't it?" he asked me, smiling.

"How fitting that was," he went on. "Just when I was telling you about the thunder striking me! You can imagine how thunderstruck I was when Madame Roseval left me one fine day with three children on my hands. She went away with one of *my* admirers."

"I broke down and was ill. When I left the hospital after a stay of three months I had lost most of my hair . .

You may say that we all wear wigs and that that therefore could not make much difference to my chances of success. But don't you see, it is much better to keep your own hair. When one has once lost it one is not considered good for much."

"Now I have got to make rain," he said, as he shook some leaves of metal.

"So that is how I came to personify the elements behind the stage. You see I must live somehow, and when one has been waiting for months for engagements which do not come, one is very glad at last to get a post where one is bullied by everybody, if there is a salary of one hundred and fifty francs per month attached to it."

"Come this way, sir," said he, as the actors began to leave the stage, "and I will give you your manuscript."



AUTHORS AND BOOKS

"The Reds of the Midi." An Episode of the French Revolution. By Félix Gras. Translated from the Provençal by Mrs. Catharine A. Janvier. With an Introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. New York: D. Appleton & Co., Price, \$1.50.

It is no longer likely that M. Félix Gras's name as a writer of rare talent will be known only to the narrow confines of his native section, the South of France. However little his previous works, "Li Papalino," "Lou Roumancero" and "Li Carbouniè," may have won favor and fame for him abroad, it is certain that his last book, "The Reds of the Midi" is worthy of a world-wide reception. By many it is hailed as a literary discovery.

For his plot in "The Reds of the Midi," M. Gras has chosen a theme that is by far the most inspiring episode in all French history: the march to Paris, and the doings in Paris, of that famous Marseilles Battalion made up of men who were sworn to cast down "the tyrant" and who "knew how to die." The hero is a delightfully naïve peasant-boy, Pascalet, so simple and brave and altogether lovable that the reader is carried along with him in sympathy as he joins the Marseilles Battalion and marches along with it on its conquering way.

M. Gras's manner of treatment is a highly objective one and for this single reason his book is placed entirely above and apart from most of the fiction on the French Revolution with which the world has been surfeited. Because he has chosen to deliberately cast aside so much of the easily manipulated machinery of ordinary romance, and has in its place made a peasant lad tell the story instead of the story being told about an aristocratic hero, it seems to have lead to far more realistic and also to far more artistic results. His epit-

ome of the motive-power of the Revolution in the feelings of one of its individual peasant parts is the very essence of simplicity and directness; and equally simple and direct in his method of presentation. The method has in many respects the largeness and the clearness of the Greek drama. The motives are distinct, the action free and bold, and the climax inevitable. The entire work itself cannot be received otherwise than favorably by a field of readers that expands its limits every day. It must rank as an unusual and excellent work.

"The Damnation of Theron Ware." By Harold Frederic. New York: Stone & Kimball.

Mr. Harold Frederic's merit as a writer is not altogether unknown to the reading public, for his magazine articles during the past years, and his foreign letters to the New York *Times* have enabled those who have followed his work to predict a coming author of no mean promise. But his début as a full-fledged novelist is made with "The Damnation of Theron Ware."

The story is that of a young Methodist minister, *Theron Ware*, who finds the straight and narrow path of righteousness too limiting to tread upon. Many similar books have come upon us dealing with the same theme but we know of none in which the writer does not offer at least a semblance of justification for his hero's downfall from grace. With such a character as Mr. Frederic embodies in his leading personage it is not difficult to foresee the end. The consequences are almost inevitable. Given a man with a weak, vacillating, and, upon occasions, flippant nature and then add to this the more æsthetic and uplifted motives which at times enrap such a man, and under whose flag he sails, and you have the tragedy to two ambitions.

Despite the fidelity of characterization with which the author traces his plot, it is in many respects repugnant. Theron Ware is too grossly human, too unexceptionally ordinary, to ever command any marked degree of admiration or respect. As his wages of sin, he suffers a moral death as complete as any Judgment Day could inflict, although from a physical aspect, Mr. Frederic leaves his hero vastly otherwise. The whole book itself is indisputably strong and vigorous and is told with a humanity that is faithful throughout, yet in spite of these many merits there will be some readers whose fancy cannot be taken by it. But this prejudice against its unpleasant quality should not be predominant; the book pre-eminently deserves a reading, and, we are inclined to predict, will receive one.

"The Duchess of Powysland." By Grant Allen. New York: American Publishers' Corporation. Price, \$1.00.

Those who have not read Grant Allen's "Duchess of Powysland" should do so. It is a study of various grades and phases of English social life, connected with some of the natural outcomes attending successful money-making in America. The operations of the Criminal Courts of London in the curious case of the Duchess affords a remarkably strong illustration of the possibilities and probabilities as regards the real facts in the case of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who still remains imprisoned there; while many thousands of Americans believe her positively innocent of the charge of murder for which she suffers. Nor does the story reflect favorably upon the recent refusal of the English officials either to make or receive further reports upon, or, in any way, or upon any grounds whatever, entertain new evidence in the case. The trials of the American heiress who marries the English duke for his title, affords both warning to the adventuresome, and encouragement to the more prudent and patriotic among our daugh-

ters. The phase of hereditary insanity which manifests itself in every member of a family, and that in only one characteristic trait, namely suicide, is strange, and affords an incentive to profitable thought and study. Dramatic situations, crime and virtue, plot, dialogue and description, combine to make this book fascinating.

"The Seats of the Mighty." A Romance of Old Quebec. By Gilbert Parker. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Gilbert Parker is beginning to show the touch of a master in this, his last book. Like its predecessors, the new story is historical, the scene being laid in Canada, at the time of the Seven Years' War. In his choice of a title the writer has been no less happy than in the selection of his main incident. The scaling of the Heights of Abraham, and the capture of Quebec, by General Wolfe, were events that have already been regarded as unique and striking, and Mr. Parker has not been slow to embrace both of these qualities in his romance. By so doing he has given us a bit of fiction which, with the possible exception of a few places where it hangs fire, dashes along at an excitable pace that reminds one strongly of Dumas's masterpieces, or Mr. Weyman's tales of chivalry. Indeed, the resemblance is so pertinent that the reader is prone to catch glimpses in the hero, a certain Captain Moran, an English officer who is retained at Quebec as a hostage, of our fascinating adventurers, D'Artagnan, M. de Marsac, or Gil de Berault.

The romance itself lies against a background of history truly painted, the author in a prefatory note acknowledging his indebtedness to Mr. James Lemoine, the gifted antiquarian of Quebec, and to others who gave him access to rare charts, histories, and memoirs. "Many of these prints," he says, "and a rare and authentic map of Wolfe's operations against Quebec, are

now reproduced in this novel, and may be considered accurate illustrations of places, people, and events. By the insertion of these faithful historical elements it is hoped to give more vividness to the atmosphere of the time, and to strengthen the verisimilitude of a piece of fiction which is not, I believe, out of harmony with fact."

Of love and peril, intrigue and fighting, there is plenty, and many scenes are so perfectly delineated in their thrilling intensity that they could not possibly be bettered. Moments when the turning of a hand would checkmate the game abound galore, and the reader who wearies of the tragic and, at times, grotesque situations which rapidly succeed each other, must be blasé indeed. Mr. Parker nowhere shows his artistic touch so skilfully as in the conversations; they are piquant to a degree; the reader once caught by their subtle charm and brilliancy can no more escape from their influence than a ship from the Maelstrom. One might consider this characteristic of the book its greatest merit.

Mr. Parker has done much for the romantic side of Canadian life, but he never turned out a better day's work than when he dotted his last period in "The Seats of the Mighty."

"The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law," adapted by Harriet R. Shattuck. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, 75 cents.

This manual, although intended for all students, is specially prepared for the use of women, in their clubs, unions, or any organizations where it is important to conduct meetings properly. Parliamentary principles and rules are given, the reasons why certain things are done are explained, and (which is still more essential) these are supplemented by practical illustrations in dialogue form, which make so clear the points presented that the most inexperienced person cannot fail to understand them. The book is made as elementary and simple as possible,—

containing all the minute details of presiding, of debating, of making motions, of voting, etc.,—while at the same time it omits nothing which is essential to a knowledge of the principles, rules, and practice of parliamentary law. The thousands of women who are organizing clubs, conducting unions, relief corps, etc., will find this little book to be just what they want. It will help them to become active participants in the many meetings which now they too often attend as listeners only.

"A Chord from a Violin." By Winifred Agnes Holdane. Chicago: Laird & Lee. Price, 50 cents.

A beautiful story—the autobiography of a rare old instrument, passing from the hands of its maker and owner only when he, being near to death, his daughter sold it (the last of many) to buy him bread. Hester, the daughter, is taken into the house of the man who bought the violin. Her voice is trained and she becomes a great singer. Some years after, while singing, she hears and recognizes the famous old violin in the orchestra—the property of a poor young man.

Typee. By Herman Melville. New York: American Publishers' Corporation.

Melville's "Typee" is as bewitching a book as De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe." It gives the first account published of life among the natives of the Polynesian Islands, and there are some strange things in the book. Says the author in the preface:

"There are some things in the narrative which are sure to appear strange, or perhaps entirely incomprehensible to the reader; but they cannot appear more so to him than they did to the author at the time. He has stated matters just as they occurred, and leaves every one to form his own opinion concerning them."

The whole narrative is interesting, affecting, and most romantic. Don't fail to read "Typee." (Cloth, \$1.00; paper, illustrated, 50 cents.) The present edition has a biographical and criti-

cal introduction by Arthur Stedman, also a portrait of the author.

"Studies of Childhood." By Professor James Sully. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$2.50.

Professor James Sully's delightful "Studies of Childhood," some of which have appeared in Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* during the past year, are now issued in book form. They make an ideal popular scientific book. Written by a psychologist, whose other works have won him a high position, these studies proceed on sound scientific lines in accounting for the mental manifestations of children, yet they require the reader to follow no laborious train of reasoning, and the reader who is in search of entertainment merely will find it in the quaint sayings and doings with which the volume abounds.

Hatim Tai. Edited with introduction by Wm. R. Alger. Boston: Ginn & Co.

This work is one of the most celebrated classics of the Mohammedan world. It is marked in a pre-eminent degree by all those qualities of adventure, romance, imagination, freedom, and wonder which have made the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" the delight equally of old and young in all countries and all classes. Hatim Tai, the hero, passes through a series of enterprises of the most startling and fascinating character, in all of which he appears as an impersonation of the ideal of the Mohammedan religion; exemplifying in his conduct the supreme virtues of an absolute submission to the will of God, a magnanimous devotion to the good of his fellow men, and an extreme tenderness to the whole animal creation.

"The Exploits of Brigadier-General Gerard." By A. Conan Doyle. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

There is a flavor of Dumas's "Musketeers" in the life of the redoubtable Brigadier Gerard, a typical Napoleonic soldier, more fortunate than many of his compeers, because some of his Ho-

meric exploits were accomplished under the personal observation of the Emperor. His delightfully romantic career included an oddly characteristic glimpse of England, and his adventures ranged from the battlefield to secret service. In picturing the experiences of his fearless, hard-fighting, and hard-drinking hero, the author of "The White Company" has given us a book which absorbs the interest and quickens the pulse of every reader.

"Margaret Winthrop" (wife of Governor John Winthrop, of Massachusetts.) By Alice Morse Earle. With Fac-simile Reproduction. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

Under the general title of "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," Charles Scribner's Sons are preparing a series of volumes, the aim of which is not only to present carefully-studied portraits of the most distinguished women of Colonial and Revolutionary times, but to offer as a background for these portraits, pictures of the domestic and social life of the people in successive periods of national development. In the painting of these scenes use has been freely made of documents usually ignored as trivial by the historians or the biographer—old letters, wills, inventories, bills, etc., from which have been gleaned many curious and interesting details of the daily life of the women of that period.

In carrying out this project, special pains have been taken to select as the subjects of the volumes, representative women who will be accepted at once as types of the best that their age had to offer, and whose careers throw a sidelight upon the social customs of the day. Thus, Puritan England under James I. is graphically depicted in Mrs. Earle's "Margaret," the first of this series in preparation.

The daughter of Sir John Tyndal, a man of character and influence in Essex County, England, Margaret Winthrop forms a theme of uncommon attractiveness for Mrs. Earle's book. Man-

or life in England in the time of the first Stuart King, especially that which reflected the Puritan spirit of the day, is painted in detail; and a suggestive contrast is presented between the manners and customs of Puritan England as they affected the country housewife and lady of the manor and those of Massachusetts in their relation to the wife of the Governor of the Colony. Mrs. Earle's genius for constructing vivid pictures from materials that would have no meaning or value to most biographers is conspicuously shown in this entertaining book. In the lack of an existing portrait of Margaret Winthrop, the frontispiece is a fac-simile reproduction of a beautifully written letter from Margaret Winthrop to her husband.

"Victor Hugo's Letters to His Wife and Others." Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

No one who has read "*Les Misérables*," "*Les Traivellers de la Mer*," or "*L'Homme qui Rit*," and has sufficiently caught the spirit and poignancy of the great French writer's style, will lose the opportunity of a further acquaintance with his more personal life, by reading his letters to his wife, recently published by Estes & Lauriat. There is a certain charm

in whatever Hugo puts his pen to that increases as one becomes the more familiar with his work, and any addition of hitherto unpublished fragments that may appear is positive to receive among admirers of this writer an extremely cordial reception.

The present volume opens in 1839, with a journey to the Alps, and with the exception of the episode of "*The Jugglers*," extracted from a letter to Louis Boulanger, it is made up of letters written to Mme. Victor Hugo, and postmarked at various cities. The journey to the Pyrenees, in 1843, is written formally in the pages of a notebook at the very places which are described. The two albums containing them are full of pen-and-ink sketches in the text, and have for bookmarks flowers and leaves picked on the mountains or in the forests. The journey is continued uninterrupted, and complete as far as Pampeluna. From there on we have only occasional chapters. The traveller took notes, intending later to finish his story; but he described on the spot only those places and things which more particularly struck him. On his return to Paris, after the catastrophe which made such a tragic interruption to his travels, Hugo never had the courage to take up the story again and finish it.



THE J. D. REED PERFECT RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE greatest fault of all modern railway systems is that the rail-ends are not properly supported and in time drop so much out of gauge and surface as to make the passage on the rails uneven and annoying. The demand is, and has been, for some device whereby this evil could be eliminated. It is only recently, however, that anything has been invented and patented which meets the situation. It is called the J. D. Reed Substructural Support and Stringer Construction for railway systems.

Mechanical experts unanimously agree that the Reed combination makes the most perfect and economical railway system for Steam, Electric and Cable Car Service that has been devised, and is certain to result in a great saving for railway corporations. It is so constructed that the heaviest and fastest trains will not spread or throw out of position the substructure, while cases where rails have rolled or chopped into the ties, or where tie-plates are required, have been, under this new system, absolutely unknown. Receiving rail-ends badly concaved out in old constructions can be permanently held on the *underneath* joint support by the reinforce plates, in the position required for the wheels to rise—not drop—on the rail-ends. The concave will gradually wear out and make a good joint connection, adding years of good service to the construction. While the car wheels are improving the rail-ends by rising 1-8 (one-eighth) of an inch it will be scarcely perceptible to the passengers. There will be very much less wear of rail and ties in the substructure, and only 1-4 (one-fourth) the cost of maintenance required in the new system. It is not how much will the new construction cost, but how much can be saved for good service that counts. The underneath joint support

has held in good surface and gauge the ends of flat tram rail to a six-inch girder rail more than 22 months without splice bars or bolts, and heavy electric cars have passed over them more than 12,500 times every week without producing any disastrous effect. Much, if not most, of the successful results of this system have been owing to the fact that the spikes are driven through a cypress plug in supporting bars and stringer chairs, being securely held there by the vise power of compressed wood.

The gauge bar joint connection for T rail, as illustrated in Fig. 1, shows that with stringer chairs and supporting bar, the Reed combination makes the rail-joint the strongest part of the construction instead of the weakest, as has been heretofore the case. There is absolutely no strain or leverage on the bolts or spikes, the gauge bar bearing on the supporting bar, the supporting bar on the stringer chairs and stringer and the latter bearing directly on the cross ties. Thus the chairs, placed 6 inches from rail-joint, receives the blow or weight of the trains, thereby making a strong, elastic joint support. In every instance the spikes in the gauge bar are driven through compressed cypress plugs and into the ties to the distance of 2 inches, thus securing the connection with a firmness beyond dispute. As the supporting bar, chairs and stringer are shipped from the manufacturers in one piece, it is possible to connect or disconnect the joint in the shortest time imaginable. By applying a continuous cypress stringer, 14 ties, 28 chairs and 3 drain shutes in 30-foot sections, it forms a complete substructure, creating the only perfect road-bed that has thus far been invented. The drain shutes are 3 1-2 feet in length and 6 x 7 inches in width, formed from 1-4 inch steel plating and riveted together. In the Reed

system the grading is reversed, the water running at the centre of the rails into and through the shutes, in this way preventing at all times a sloppy road-bed and rendering the grading itself self-tamping. The actual cost of this Reed system does not exceed the cross tie construction of \$5,000 per mile, and yet it enables trains to be run at one-quarter faster time. By simply applying reinforce plates when occasions require them, this system is guaranteed to render satisfactory service for fifteen years.

Fig. 2 represents continuous steel stringer under the rail in 10-foot lengths and with dimensions of 8×12 inches. This bears directly upon hard pine stringer 8×8 , having the chairs placed at 2-foot centres between joints of the rail, thus adding great strength to the bridge.

The improved tram rail for street service is shown in Fig. 3. The weight of this rail is 100 lbs. per yard, the castings being 160 lbs. per yard. It is laid on a perfect road-bed of 5×8 cypress stringers, spike-plates and chairs, there being 14 ties and 28 chairs in 30-foot sections. The dimensions of the spike-plates are 6 inches in length and 1 inch in diameter, while the supporting bar at the rail-joint is $22 \times 1 \times 5$ inches. As for the stringer moving on the ties, this is next to impossible. The under flange of the rail bears against the supporting bar and spike-plates, the inside of each being 1 inch longer than the outside. The rail itself having a continuous bearing on bar-plate and stringer, and held firmly in place by 5-8 inch spikes with heads countersunk and driven in compressed wood, forms a combination that entirely prevents the rail or castings from moving out of gauge on the road-bed. The additional merit which the inclined flange of the rail-head has for forming a leverage whereby to throw a carriage wheel out of the groove, was shown in the patent papers at date of patent. The cost of one mile of this perfect construction

falls below \$13,500, and will give ten years of actual service under the heaviest traffic.

The value of the Reed system for bridge construction in street service may be seen in Fig. 4. Here a 2 1-2-inch stringer and a 2-inch rail can be curved to conform with crown of bridge, thus making it impossible for vehicle traffic to rut out the planking beside the rail.

Fig. 5 shows that a road-bed can be made which will give a perfect bearing for 4-inch castings, only 67 tons of metal being required for 1,600 feet of cross connections or special track for heavy electric car traffic. The 4-inch girder tram rail makes the most serviceable straight or angle cross connection ever built, the guard curves and switches having four different forms of rail-heads. Not a bolt or tie-rod required in the 1,600 feet of track. The 12-inch square waist requires only 200 lbs. of casting metal, while the weight of 17 feet of cross connection straight track (4 pieces) will not exceed 2,600 lbs. or less than 650 lbs. for 1 waist and 4 connecting rail-ends. One of the pieces can be removed and a duplicate replaced, wiring and paving completed by 4 men in less than an hour's time. Ninety men can remove 1,600 feet of track constructed by the Reed system and replace duplicates of everything above the road-bed in eight hours of night work, or from 10 P. M. to 6 A. M.

The cost of laying 1,600 feet of this double special track would cost as follows:

Rail and Castings,	\$3,090
The Reed System,	1,920
Cypress Stringers and Sawed Curves,	450
Ties,	275
Labor and Paving,	990
Laying Wiring Joint Connection,	325
Total,	\$7,050

Under the present construction the cost of laying 1,600 feet is \$12,000.

Fig. 6 illustrates the underneath joint support with reinforce plate and the 8

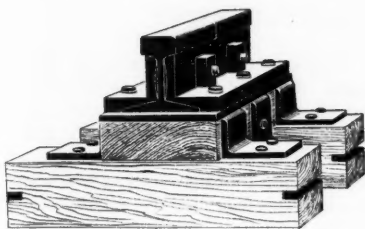


FIG. 1.

T-IRON JOINT CONNECTION PERFECT.

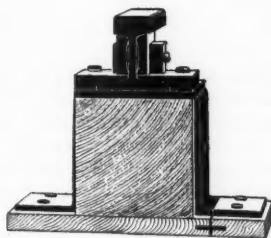


FIG. 2.

STEEL AND TIMBER STRINGER FOR A BRIDGE.

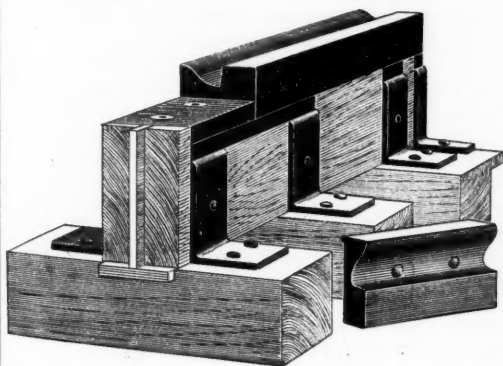


FIG. 3.

IMPROVED TRAIN RAIL FOR STREET RAILWAYS.

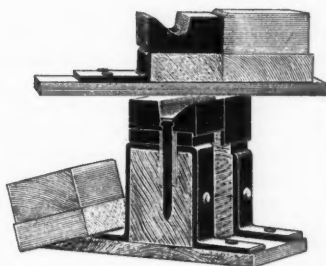


FIG. 4.

4 1/2 INCHES DIAMETER CONSTRUCTION FOR BRIDGE.

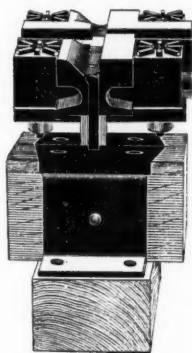


FIG. 5
SUPPORT FOR END AND WAIST OF CASTING.

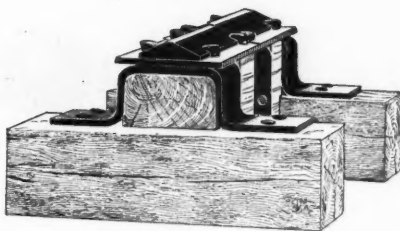


FIG. 6

UNDERNEATH JOINT SUPPORT FOR GIRDER STREET RAIL

Wheat & Co. Engraving Co.

spikes driven through plug at base of rail by planing off 1-8 inch from top of one half length of the splice bar.

The pounded out rail-end can be raised and securely held by reinforce plate, the splice bar after being replaced and newly bolted affording all the lateral support required.

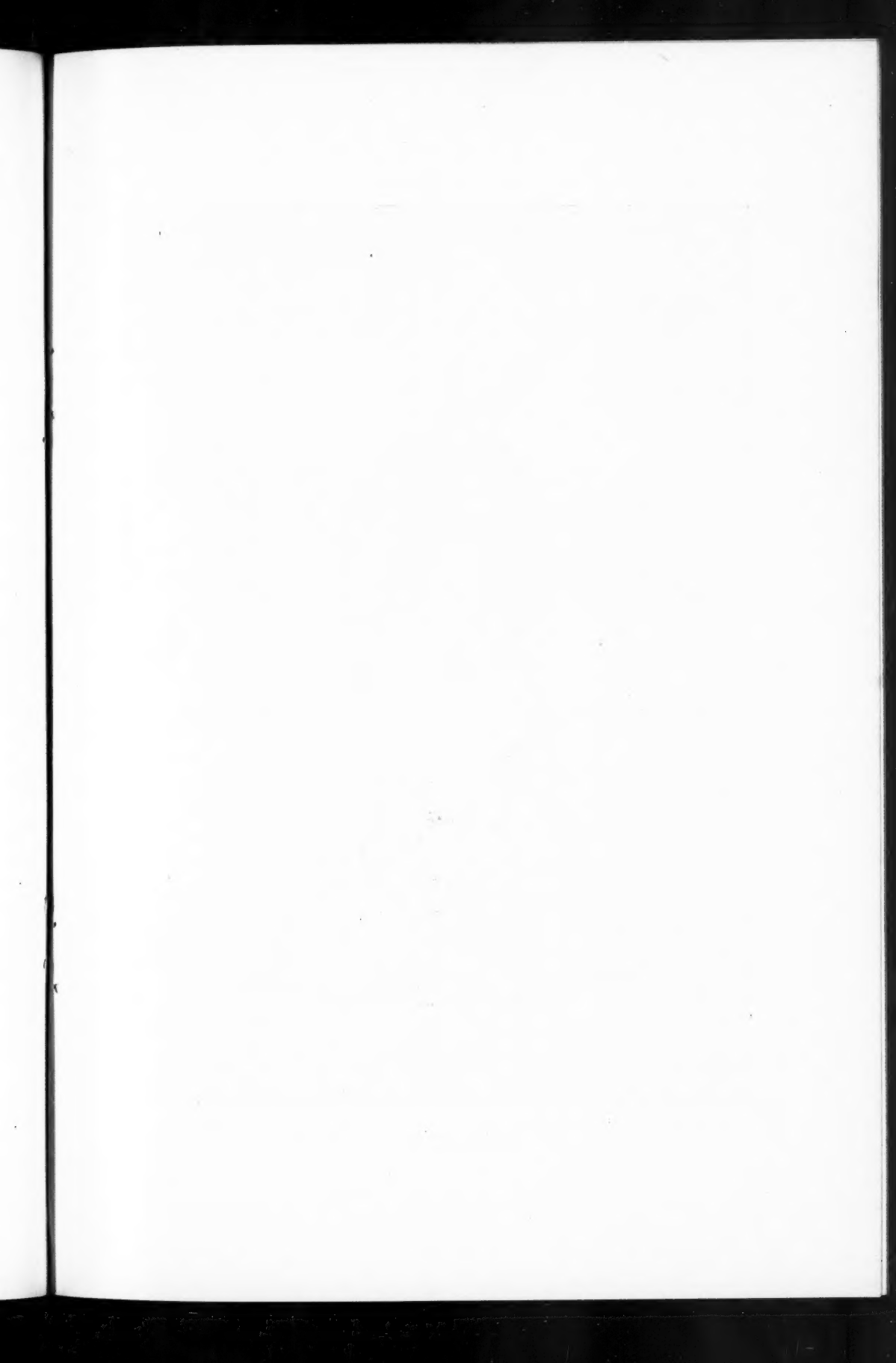
The new all-metal construction, excepting cypress plugs for spikes, consists of continuous steel stringers 7 x 1-2 inches, steel cross bars 7 x 1-2 inches, gauge and angle bars at joints 20 inches in length, and at cross-bars 6 inches in length. The anchor angle bar riveted to the cross bars 12 in 30-foot sections prevents the construction from moving in either direction. As a result we have a system that is steel in every part and perfect in every detail. No other system in present use can claim these advantages save the J. D. Reed.

The inventor of this perfect railway construction was born in the State of Maine in 1836, becoming a citizen of Boston in 1857. On the breaking out of the war in 1861 he went to the front as a private in the famous Martin's 3d Massachusetts Battery, and was promoted in

'62 to the post of Quartermaster Sergeant. The 3d Massachusetts Battery of six 12 lb. Napoleon guns was attached for three years to the 5th Corps, Army of the Potomac, participating during that time in twenty-seven battles. No other battery in the service at that time sent more canister and short range shells into the enemy's ranks than this battery. Although on several occasions they were held for a few moments by the Confederates, yet not a single gun of their organization was lost on any battlefield. The Quartermaster Sergeant retained his position until September, 1864, when the battery was mustered out of service on Boston Common. Since that time, in addition to his regular business, Mr. Reed has been engaged in the solution of many difficult mechanical problems. He has been a member of the Boston National Lancers for the past twenty years, and of Siloam Lodge, I. O. O. F., for twenty-eight years. Mr. Reed will be pleased to communicate at any time with persons interested in railway construction at his residence, 40 Maywood Street, Roxbury, Mass.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COAT (Page 430)
Drawn by Seymour Lucas, F. R. A.